

1915

# Life

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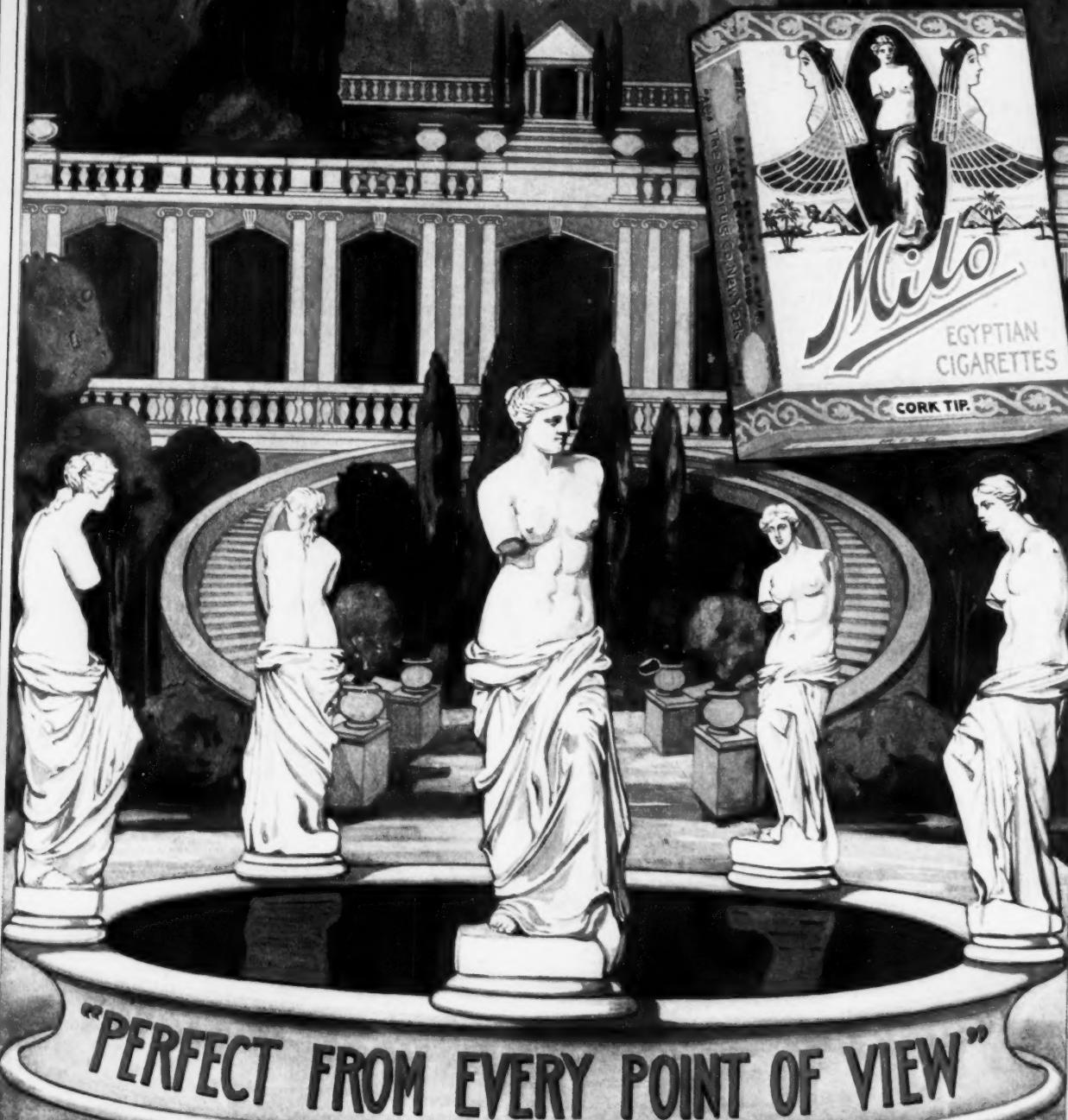
INTERRED

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# LIFE

Entered at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., as Second Class Mail Matter.  
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## THE EGYPTIAN CIGARETTE OF QUALITY



"PERFECT FROM EVERY POINT OF VIEW"

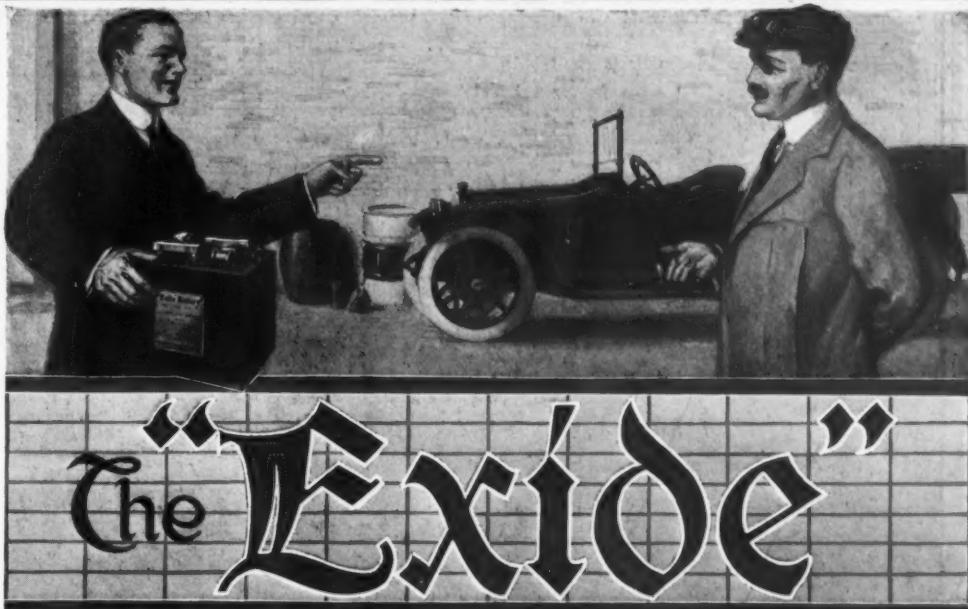
ALWAYS FRESH-PROTECTED BY OUTER LINEN WRAPPER & INSIDE FOIL

## Putting It Over

THE New York *Times* is absolutely convinced that the railroads are suffering great hardships as a result of the parcel post. There may be something in what the *Times* says, but it defends the railroads with such great regularity and vigor and so rarely finds a flaw in their running and their financing that the question arises whether this great newspaper isn't somehow a little prejudiced in the matter. Among other things in a recent editorial is this statement:

There are six mail-order houses shipping one hundred thousand packages apiece on which the freight and express charges are avoided. They know their rights, and it is an easy guess that they could tell strange tales of how they put it over the railways and Uncle Sam.

Yes, indeed, it may all be true; but, then, the railroads might also tell strange tales of how they put it over on the shippers and Uncle Sam. If the *Times* would dwell on that side occasionally its reputation for strict impartiality would be much more unassailable.



# "Exide"

## Starting & Lighting Battery For Automobiles

Fix this thought firmly in your mind. The "heart" of an electric automobile starting and lighting system is the storage battery. You can't get away from that fact.

Now answer this question. Why have leading automobile manufacturers equipped 300,000 cars with "Exide" Batteries when they could have bought any other battery on the market for less money?

Here is the answer. Because these automobile manufacturers know that the success of their business depends upon pleasing their customers. These manufacturers' tests and experience have proved that it pays to buy "Exide" Batteries—the highest priced on the market—because "Exide" Batteries give far more service satisfaction than others.

These automobile makers realize the great advantages in the extra power of "Exide" Batteries; the superiority of the "Exide" filling plug, making the overfilling of cells an impossibility; the value of the "Exide" uniseal assembly by which a battery can be readily dismantled; the semi-flexible "Exide" jars, which overcome jar breakage, and the many other exclusive features. These concerns know why "Exide" Batteries cost more and are convinced that they are worth to their users far more than they cost.

You don't want battery trouble—anything but that.

Before it comes and puts you down and out—and perhaps at the most inopportune time—get posted.

**LOOK FOR  
THIS SIGN**



There are hundreds of them throughout the United States, and every one means expert battery attention for motorists.

 Here's the easiest way.



Send a postal right now to our nearest office and ask for our book "A Sure Start Assured." It's impartial (not primarily an advertisement for "Exide" Batteries), it's amusing, it's clever—but best of all it will give you in plain language without any dry droning or dreary detail the few rules necessary to get good service from a battery. After you have read the book go to your nearest "Exide" Service Station, examine an "Exide" and learn why it's better. These suggestions are worth following if you want a starting and lighting system that you can depend on every time.



THE SAME CLOCK

New York      Boston      Washington      Atlanta  
Chicago      Cleveland      Pittsburgh      Detroit

1888

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.  
PHILADELPHIA, PA. 1915

Denver      San Francisco  
Seattle      St. Louis  
Rochester      Los Angeles  
Toronto

"WHILE THERE IS                            THERE'S HOPE"

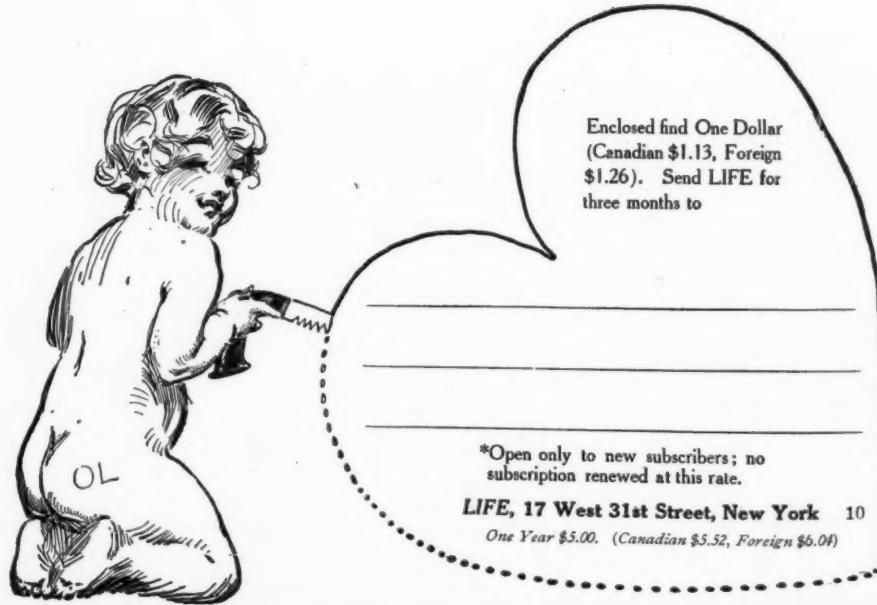


### *Last Week*

We omitted to publish on this page (for purely artistic reasons) the exact amount it will cost you to become (in case you are not one already) a regular subscriber. We have promised the business office we would make up this deficiency this week. The business office (for whom we confess we haven't the greatest respect) wishes us to state that from this date on is the best period to subscribe and urges you to do so at once. Here are the fatal figures :

*Special Offer, \*Life for 3 months                            One Dollar  
(Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26)*

*One Year                                    Five Dollars  
(Canadian \$5.52, Foreign \$6.04)*



# They Are Breaking Down the Bars

**Goodyear Tires Now Carry Half a Million Cars**

Our sales now indicate that Goodyear tires have won not less than 500,000 users.

And they've gained more users this year than any year before. Which shows how men are waking to the differences in tires.

## Why We State the Facts

Countless motorists think that tires are very much alike. In buying new cars they accept whatever tires they find. In renewing they have no decided choice.

That's why we publish here again and again the facts about Goodyear tires.

## Not Similar

Goodyear Fortified Tires are not similar to others. They have our No-Rim-Cut feature which we control. They are "On-Air" cured at vast extra cost, to save needless blowouts. Rubber rivets are created in them to combat loose treads.

Our exclusive features, plus other rare features, will add to our tire cost this year \$1,635,000. What we added this year alone in extra rubber, size and strength will cost us \$500,000.

Our All-Weather tread is not a regular tread made rough. It's a double-thick tread made of very tough rubber. That double-thickness, on this year's output of All-Weathers, will cost us \$1,000,000.

Such tires should not be classed with tires not thus protected.

## Easy to Prove

Their extra service is an easy thing to prove. Make road comparisons. An occasional tire may be affected by some mishap or misuse. But Fortified Tires are bound to average best. Otherwise these features would be folly.

Any Goodyear dealer will supply you. Every neighborhood has a Goodyear Service Station with your size in stock, and which renders full Goodyear service.

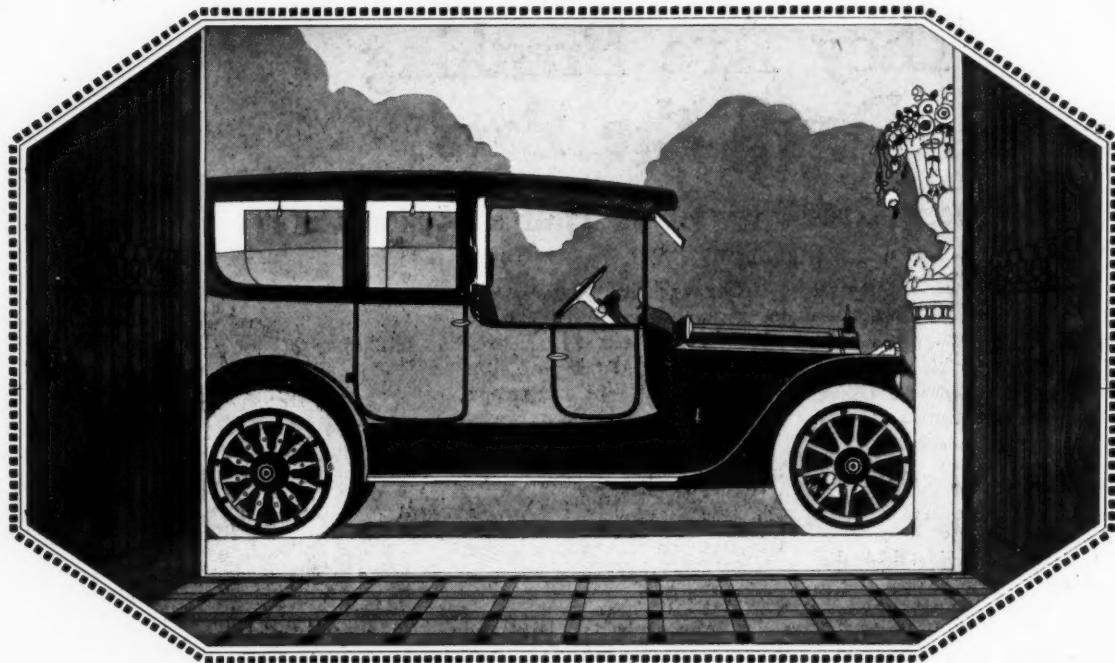
THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, O.

**GOOD**  
**YEAR**  
AKRON, OHIO

**Fortified Against**

Rim-Cuts—by our No-Rim-Cut feature.  
Blowouts—by our "On-Air" cure.  
Loose Treads—by many rubber rivets.  
Insecurity—by 126 braided piano wires.  
Punctures and Skidding—by our double-thick All-Weather tread.





PUBLIC INTEREST  
*has assumed a new intensity wherever the*  
*Packard*  
**TWIN-SIX**  
*has been shown*

MORE than 18,000 persons gave it their personal attention the first four days the car was exhibited in New York City, and its reception in other cities has been correspondingly notable.

It is the absorbing topic wherever engineers gather, and experts, skeptics and enthusiasts are alike in making it the current feature of motor car progress.

It is the logical development of the perfectly balanced "Six"

into a lighter, more compact "Twelve" having a uniformity of torque and a smoothness of action hitherto unknown.

In every way it is representative of the company that has been awarded the ONLY GRAND PRIZE for both motor cars and trucks, and the FIRST MEDAL OF HONOR at the *Panama-Pacific International Exposition*. Packard maximum service qualities are embodied also in the new type chainless Packard trucks.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

*Ask the man who owns one*

# LIFE



THE DRAG-NET

## Requiem

IT was one o'clock in the morning when Father Knickerbocker summoned his average citizen and said: "Have you been insulted by a surface-car conductor by order of the management?"

"I have."

"Have you been robbed by a restaurant?"

"Yes, Father."

"And overtaxed to pay for the graft of a ring of corrupt politicians?"

"Yes, Father."

"And lied to by the papers?"

"Yes, Father."

"Then before you go to bed get down on your knees and pray that I may be honored with strength enough to do the same thing over to you every day you live."



"GEE! DERE AIN'T NONE UV US HONEST DESE DAYS"

*Life's Fresh Air Fund*

Inclusive of 1914, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-eight years. In that time it has expended \$150,987.58 and has given a fortnight in the country to 36,767 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged .....	\$7,153.88
"Sierra" .....	5.00
M. A. E. ....	5.00
From the members of the "Club," Newtown, Conn. ....	7.00
F. M. D. ....	1.00
"Vacation for Two" .....	11.42
Mrs. J. M. Andrews .....	3.00
"E. A. D." ....	10.00
M. A. Wait .....	5.71
C. R. Stotesbury .....	5.00
Mrs. C. Peter Vosburgh .....	5.00
Joseph Sillman .....	25.00
Elizabeth S. Daskam .....	5.71
Frances J. Woodward .....	5.71
Proceeds of a play given at Hewitt Lake, in the Adirondacks, by Cornelia and Sallie Sage, Kate White, Cora McElroy, Henry Robinson, Walter Sage and Grennell Goodwin .....	50.00
A. K. B. ....	5.00
Miss Dorothy Moody .....	5.71
Jocelyn Stebbins .....	2.00
Genevieve G. Hoadley .....	5.00
	<hr/>
	\$7,316.14

## ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

One box of clothing from Mrs. S. H. Miller, Mrs. G. O. Smalley, Miss Oeldorf and Mrs. W. I. Halliwell, Cedarholm, Bound Brook, N. J.

One package of clothing from Miss Mary Bailey, Ridgefield, Conn.

A treat of candy to all the children from Mr. W. J. Hussey, Stamford, Conn.



"EVERYTHIN NOWADAYS ISS DONE BY MACHINERY, IKEY"

"VELL, I DUNNO; TALKING ISS STILL DONE BY HAND"



"GOOD HEAVENS! ARE YOU THE DEMON RUM?"  
"NO; I'M THE ANGEL PROHIBITION."

## Truth and Anger

ACCORDING to the *Outlook*, it is claimed by the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania that they did not dismiss Professor Scott Nearing because of "radical views or the free exercise of speech," but because "he made himself the center of angry controversy."

This is very like a distinction without a difference. Nobody ever made himself the center of angry controversy by proclaiming sweet, harmless

nothings. Free speech and angry controversy seem to be inseparable companions. It is impossible to tell the truth about many of our institutions without getting on some one's toes, and toes are proverbially tender. But we should not try to hold Professor Nearing responsible for a simple anatomical fact of that kind. The question is, Is a university professor to be allowed to hew to the truth line without regard to who gets hit by the chips?



*Mother:* ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN GIVE MY DAUGHTER ALL THE LUXURIES AND PRIVILEGES ENJOYED BY THE MARRIED WOMEN OF HER SET?

*Suitor:* I CAN GIVE HER TOWN AND COUNTRY HOUSES, MOTOR CARS, A STRING OF POLO PONIES AND DANCING LESSONS AT ONCE, AND A DIVORCE AND ALIMONY WITHIN TWO YEARS.

### The Psychological Moment

THE celebrated English statesman who had just been elected a member of the coalition cabinet called his head secretary and said:

"Have orders for enough ammunition to last three or four weeks, to be delivered, barring accidents, in three or four years, been given?"

"They have."

"Have the usual pleasing and dignified appeals to our sturdy English laboring men to cut down on their gin and seriously consider the advisability of working a few hours a day been issued?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Have the usual daily reports been issued, saying that our army of three million men will positively begin a wonderful campaign in a couple of months or so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you might issue our semi-weekly statement, which I will arrange to have go past the censor, that England has at last waked up."

THE poor get nothing from the rich but what they pay for. That is why the rich are rich.

### Suiciding

SOME light on Germany's recent behavior may be thrown by a study of the suicide tables for the past few years. Berlin shows a rate three times that of London, a half more than New York and a fourth more than Paris. Life is apparently so complete in Berlin that the happy inhabitants get through with it quickly, and now the entire nation has become so satisfied with its career that it wants to put an end to it in the same way. As the individual is bent the nation's inclined.



THE VANDALS

### Friends of Peace Scared Off

THE Friends of Peace, with a program that includes a convention in Chicago, are not doing very well. Like most of the peace movements, theirs has been found to have pro-German dissimulations. The labor men and politicians have been shying at it. Mr. Gompers has denounced it; Mr. Golden, of the Textile Workers, has resigned from its Labor Committee; John Sullivan, a labor leader, has denied that he is connected with it.

But Mr. John Brisben Walker, chairman of its National Convention Committee, sticks to his guns, and warns President Wilson that the Constitution committed the war-making power solely to Congress, and that "the issue of manifestoes which put the country in a position of being obliged to declare war . . . are direct assumptions of the kingly power so

distinctly forbidden in the Constitution. All action calculated to involve us in war belongs exclusively, Mr. Walker thinks, to Congress.

The proper thing to do, then, when possibilities of war begin to multiply is to call Congress and let the rest of the government go into retreat.

The more one reads Mr. Walker the less one wonders that responsible citizens, however pacific, are proceeding toward the exits of his peace organization.

### Longer Than Ever Before

The Council of Governors here next week will be entertained by Secretary Daniels aboard the battleship Wyoming on August 25.

—*New York paper*.

THEY were entertained, doubtless as planned, but what, oh what did the Governor of North Carolina say to the Governor of South Carolina at Josephus's luncheon!

### Interval

THE twenty-year-old daughter of the president of one bank, director of two others and a railroad or two stood before her dressing table in a brown study. Meanwhile—

Three men, each one of whom wanted to make a loan of a hundred thousand dollars, paced the floor.

Her father sat inwardly fuming in the auto while a hundred business letters remained unread.

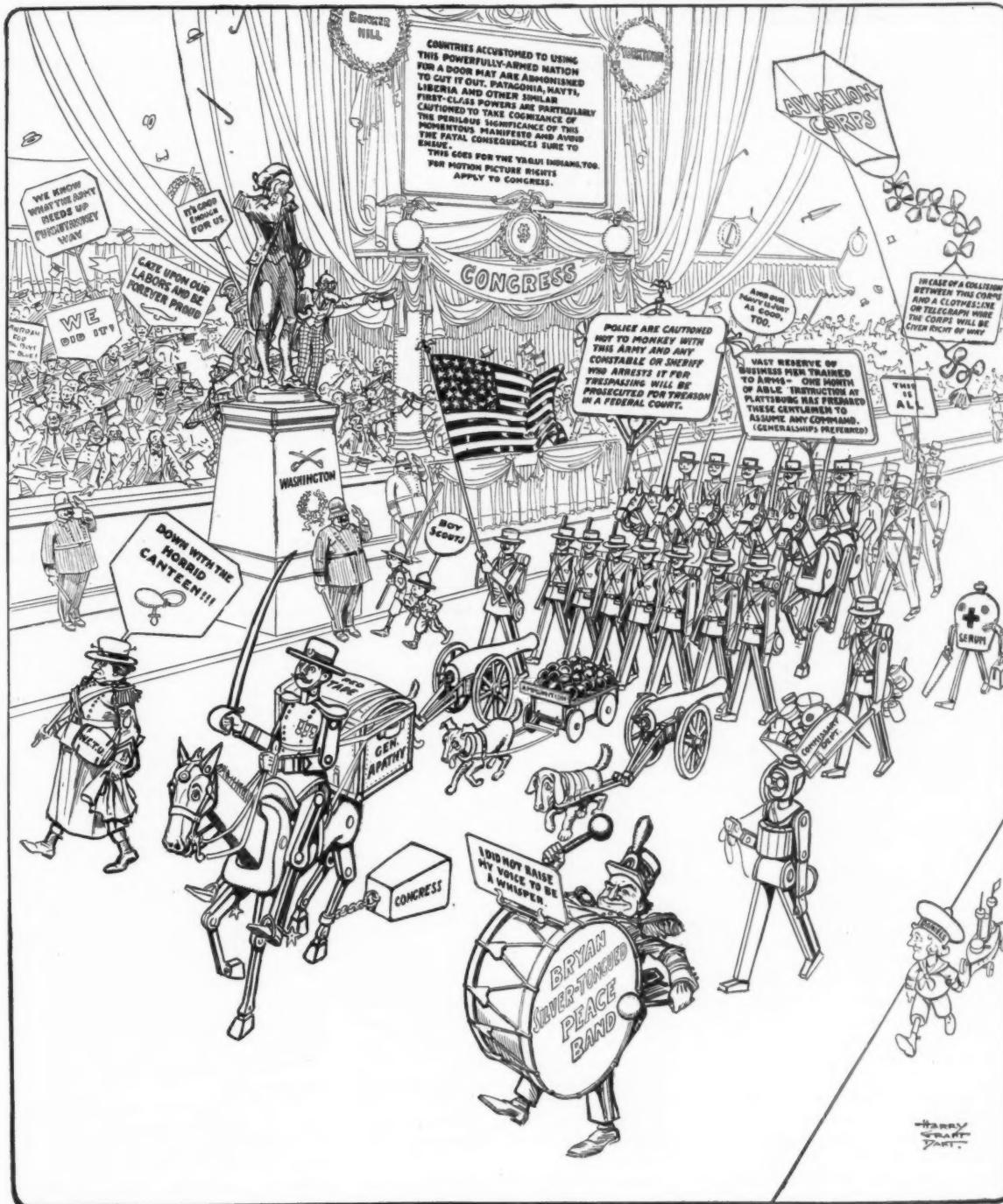
Twenty clerks paused until the work of a day could be given out.

Six cylinders, accomplishing nothing, buzzed on.

Four servants, leaving their morning's routine, rushed aimlessly about.

And the girl called: "Oh, papa, it isn't my fault. I cannot find my gloves."

THE poor we have always with us. And we can always go to them when we are tired of the rich.



HISTORY AS IT MAY BE  
GRAND REVIEW OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY PRIOR TO ITS DEPARTURE TO CONQUER GERMANY



# LIFE'S SHORT STORY CONTEST

(Each story printed under the above heading is a candidate for the \$1,000, \$500 and \$250 prizes offered by LIFE in answer to the question: How short can a short story be and still be a short story? The stories accepted are paid for upon acceptance at the rate of ten cents a word for every word up to 1,500 which the author does not write. See conditions on page 532 of this issue.)

## The Man Who Told

By John Cutler

TOWARDS midnight in the smoking room of the trans-Atlantic liner Howard, the author, held forth on realism and romance. In one of his pauses another of the company broke in.

"Realism," said the interrupter, "is but the word with which those who can see nothing but the ordinary and humdrum in life try to excuse their blindness to the romances that unfold themselves all about us every day. The last time I heard the doctrine of realism preached was in the home of a wealthy New Yorker who declared that in his life there had never been the least tinge of the unusual or the romantic. He had never fallen in love and never had any adventures. Three days later in the morning he was found seated in a chair on the piazza of his summer home dead from a stab wound through the heart. Three hundred thousand dollars in cash which he had received from the sale of a block of bonds was missing from his office

safe where he had placed it the preceding late afternoon because his bank was closed. The only clue found to the murderer was a blood-stained stiletto which was discovered between the Old and the New Testaments in a big family Bible on a high shelf in the library of the murdered man's summer home. The mystery of the murder was never solved."

"The plot of a very interesting story," commented Howard and went on with his monologue. A little later the party broke up. On his way to his stateroom Winton, who had been one of them, dropped in at the wireless room and sent a message.

Three days later at the New York pier the man who had interrupted Howard was arrested for murder committed four years before. "I was once a member of the force," explained Winton to Howard; "that stiletto was never found until he told where to look for it that night in the smoking room."

## The Arm at Gravelotte

By William Almon Wolff, Jr.

HE was an old man, with snow-white hair and a patriarch's beard. One sleeve of his coat was empty. He had lived in the village for many years—since five years after the great war, men said. He had prospered; when the new war of 1914 broke out he was the largest landholder for miles around.

It was not far from the French border, this village of which Hans Schmidt was patriarch. It had no railway station, but a line of rail came to it and ended in long platforms in open fields. Twice, of late years, trains had rolled up beside those platforms, discharging soldiers of the Fatherland, engaged in manoeuvres. Now, in the first week of August, there was real use for the platforms. For three days trains rolled up in a never-ending procession, discharging their living freight of men in misty, grey-green uniforms that melted into the background of grass and shrubs at a hundred

paces, with even the spikes of their helmets covered with cloth.

Westward moved the soldiers, like a swarm of locusts. But they left something behind, an integral part of themselves, their collective brain. About the house of Hans Schmidt sentries were posted. Mechanics, working quietly, swiftly, as if they had known long since what they must do, laid wires into his modest parlor, connected it by telephone and telegraph with Berlin, with the ever-moving forces to the west. In Hans Schmidt's bed slept a corps commander; the whole house was given up to the staff. He himself was allowed a cot in the kitchen. His house was chosen for headquarters.

From the parlor the general ordered the movements of forty thousand men, playing their part, like a piece in a game of chess, in the plan of invasion of the Great Headquarters Staff. Vastly im-

portant were these movements; each corps must coördinate absolutely with every other. Confusion here might ruin the whole great plan.

The high-born general was very busy. But on the second day he deigned to notice Hans Schmidt, who had drawn back, his one arm raised in the salute, as the general passed him.

"Ach!" said the general. "You have lost an arm! An old soldier, nicht wahr?"

"Yes, my general. I left my arm at Gravelotte."

"So! I was in that business, too. I got my company that day, when Steinmetz lost half his corps. Ach! This time we shall finish them even more quickly! Von Kluck is half way through Belgium; the Crown Prince is hammering at Verdun! We shall be in Paris within the month!"

Hans Schmidt listened respectfully, as became him. The general went to his desk. Hans Schmidt, in his garden, looked at the western sky. Flying low, near by, was an aeroplane, blunt, snub-nosed. He knew it for a Taube, though no monoplanes had circled over Gravelotte. It turned, and flew eastward, out of sight. Still he peered into the west. High in the air something flashed gold in the rays of the sun, shining upward from behind a cloud. Hans Schmidt went slowly into the kitchen.

There a hot, smokeless fire of hard coal burned to roast two suckling pigs for the dinner of the general and the high-born officers of the staff. He sent out a maid whose duty it was to watch the pigs. Hans Schmidt took a bag from his pocket, emptied it into the fire, added a pile of kindling wood. He went back into the garden. Thoughtfully he looked at the chimney, from which there rose suddenly a thick column of oily black smoke. Straight up it went, higher and higher.

"In Berlin you would be fined for that," said a young staff officer, coming up beside him.

"The maids are careless," answered the patriarch.

The officer gaped at the smoke. Hans Schmidt looked to the west. Again he caught the gleam of the sun on metal. From the west a monoplane was coming, flying like a hawk. It took shape. A mile away a gun spoke; another, and another. Above, below the monoplane hung three fleecy balls of white smoke, where shells had burst. Followed a

\* volley. Other officers came from the house to stare upward. On came the monoplane.

"A French flyer!" cried one.

It was over head. It paused in its flight, circled. A tiny black thing hurtled down. The side wall of Han Schmidt's house vanished. In a moment more there was no house—only a heap of smoking ruins. Amid fused wires a thing that had been a man, in the uniform of a general, dragged itself, shrieking, till it died.

### Nemesis

By Mary Clark

THE Little White Mare stirred uneasily in the narrow stall, and shifted her weight from one three-legged balance to another. There was no room to lie down, and the warm stench of ankle-deep manure could not rise as far as the small opening where, occasionally, penetrated a flickering beam from the arc-light at the corner.

The day's work had been hard, and supper inadequate; in her dreams there came the taste of a carrot, succulent, crunchy, tender, but solid; a carrot such as the little boy used to give her—the little boy who lived on the long street of the hard pavement and the many car-tracks. That was in the days when Estevan and she had carried fruit and vegetables in the old cart, and, pleasantly, had stopped before many houses, often three and four times in a block. By her association-memory (the only memory psychologists allow her kind), she recognized that street whenever she crossed it in her journeys,—the Street of the Carrots.

But, latterly, they carried other things in the cart, heavy jangly things, queer, knobby sacks that Estevan gathered hastily, a few at a time, at strange hours, in quiet places. In night journeys to dark alleys and courtyards, the loads were transferred to other Mexicans, who counted small jingling pieces into Estevan's ready palm. Nowadays there were no carrots, no rest under spreading cottonwoods and chinaberries. With Estevan there never had been anything to associate but work and blows. Such is life—far too little dirty water from a dirty pail; roughage for food, with, now and then, a grudging heap of cheapest grain; a galling harness; a filthy stall; work—never-ending work; a child and a carrot the only memory of a kindness!

El Paso she knew, not as you know it,—its mountain vistas, its blocks of substantial homes and pleasant bungalows, but as her half-starved, rickety old frame

"The smoke!" cried an officer. "It was a signal! Headquarters was betrayed!"

"Fools!" cried Hans Schmidt, as they turned on him. "The arm I left at Gravelot carried a French *chassepot!* *Vive la France!* *Vive Alsace-jamais plus Elsass!* *Vive la rep—*"

A revolver spat in his face. But as he lay his staring eyes were turned to the west, to a monoplane that was flying home to France.

to each other, crouched, dropped from cart to car, disappeared in the black beyond. Industriously the Little White Mare nuzzled the torn burlap, into whose folds the delightful fodder was receding.

Dazzling light,—big men,—the other kind of men than Estevan,—everywhere,—in the cart,—around it,—at her head.

"Vamoosed! Hell take it!" was the verdict.

"And will you look who's here," cried the biggest, turning his torch on the laden cart. "Lord love you, it's a haul for a Packard truck! They sure got this old bonebag anchored! Must be a ton or two on that wagon. Well, men, shift most of this to the patrol, seal the car, and run in this outfit as evidence."

The Little White Mare stood at ease, contented, warm and sleepy, while the big man at her head rubbed back of her ear in a delightful and unaccustomed way.

The patrol whirled away.

"All right, Bourke," they called, "you can escort the corpse."

"Look out for the speed-cop, bo. It's four blocks to the boneyard."

Bourke swung into the driver's seat, clucked comfortably and, always obedient, the Little White Mare turned from the freight yard into the dusty road.

A strange creature, this man with the big, soft hands—no sharp, jerking rein, the whip, forgot'en; maybe he slept; when Estevan slept he awoke with, always, a crueler lash.

For all animals Bourke had a tender friendliness, and the sight of the scarred, decrepit back patiently jogging between the shafts irritated him, as did the nervous wince the old mare gave when he joggled the whip-handle in the broken socket. The idea grew in grim delectability that she might, of her own habit, deliver her tormentor to the law.

"Now's your chance to get even, old girl," he muttered; then louder, "take me to him—*casa—sige casa!*"

Reins flat on her back, a full stomach and an easy mind, that strange association-memory said to the Little White Mare that it was time to be at home, in the dirty stall, with the empty manger and the sleeping flies.

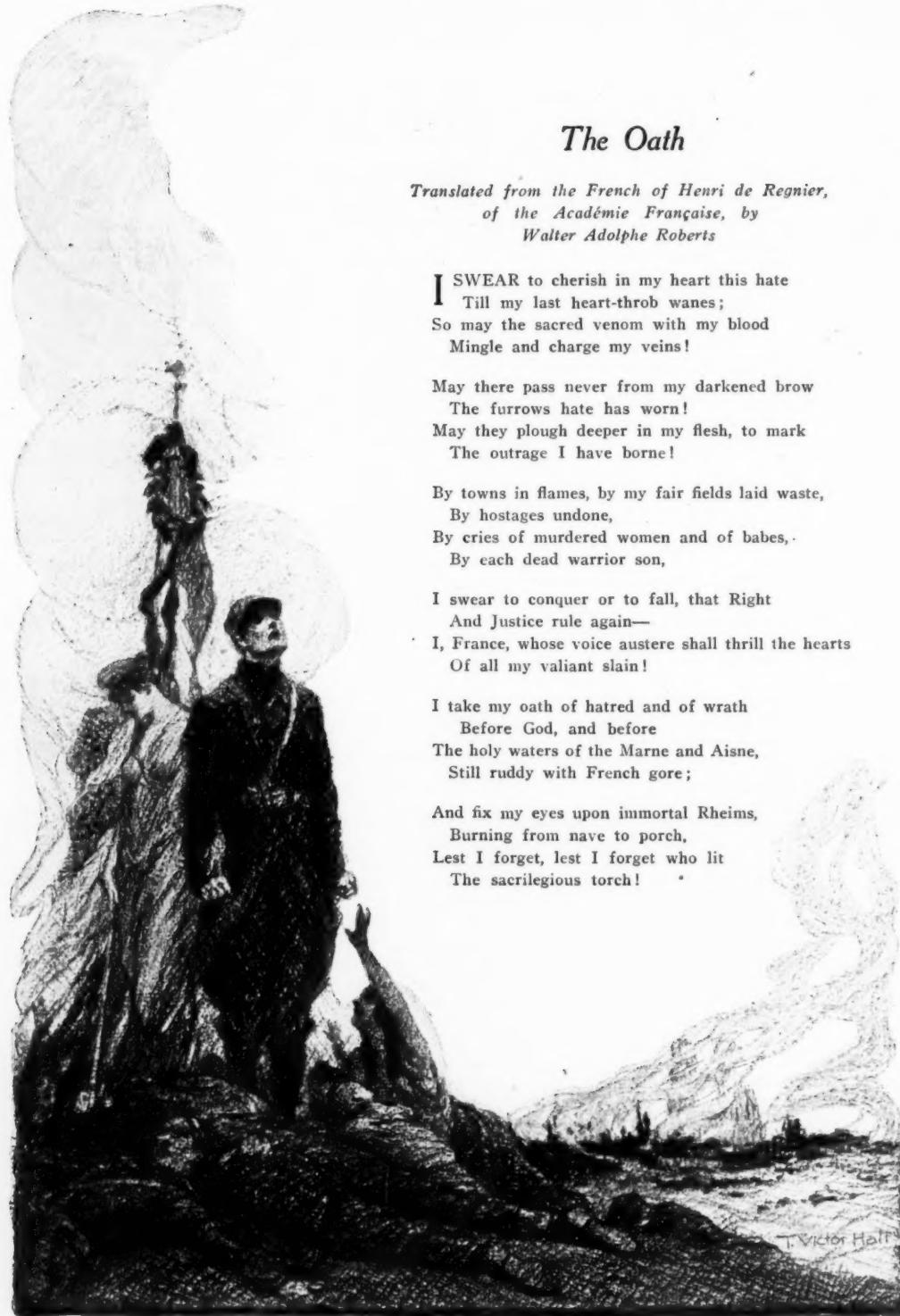
Jog, jog, past the sleeping 'dobes, past the shops, into the familiar alley—home, at last!

Bourke was gone; from the house beyond the stable partition came Estevan's voice, high, whining, pleading.

A shrill whistle outside; other voices; the whir of the patrol speeding townward; silence; sleep.

The Little White Mare was avenged.

Something amiss! The men muttered



### *The Oath*

*Translated from the French of Henri de Regnier,  
of the Académie Française, by  
Walter Adolphe Roberts*

I SWEAR to cherish in my heart this hate  
Till my last heart-throb wanes;  
So may the sacred venom with my blood  
Mingle and charge my veins!

May there pass never from my darkened brow  
The furrows hate has worn!  
May they plough deeper in my flesh, to mark  
The outrage I have borne!

By towns in flames, by my fair fields laid waste,  
By hostages undone,  
By cries of murdered women and of babes,  
By each dead warrior son,

I swear to conquer or to fall, that Right  
And Justice rule again—  
I, France, whose voice austere shall thrill the hearts  
Of all my valiant slain!

I take my oath of hatred and of wrath  
Before God, and before  
The holy waters of the Marne and Aisne,  
Still ruddy with French gore;

And fix my eyes upon immortal Rheims,  
Burning from nave to porch,  
Lest I forget, lest I forget who lit  
The sacrilegious torch!

T. Victor Hall

## Regular Material

THE sociological expert who had been hired by the managers of The Higher Feministic Movement turned to his secretary and said:

"Have you consulted the public-document department at Washington and ascertained the birth rate in all insane asylums as compared with the total number of quill toothpicks used in palm gardens for the past decade?"

"I have."

"Have you made a comparative table showing the alarming increase of people run over by jitneys in New Jersey and Kansas as related to the application of the twilight sleep in Colorado, California and New Mexico?"

"It is done."

"Have you interviewed one hundred and forty-seven leading hairdressers in order to bring out the important fact that the increase in blood pressure is due to the female college enrollment?"

"I have."

"Then notify the Superwoman's Magazine that my epoch-making article, 'Why Women Must Have the Vote,' will be ready at ten o'clock to-morrow."



*Philanthropist (who has just dropped a penny in the cup): I IMAGINE YOU HAVE MANY DISAPPOINTMENTS AND DISCOURAGEMENTS*

*Mendicant: YESSUM; THAT IS THE FOURTH ONE TO-DAY*



THE TEMPTER

## On Life's Wire

"HELLO, LIFE?"

"Yes."

"This is Public speaking."

"Hello, Public. How goes it?"

"Just so-so, LIFE. None too well."

"That's strange, Public. So many things are being done for you that you ought at all times to be somewhere between the pink of condition and the seventh heaven of delight."

"Where do you get that impression, LIFE?"

"Everywhere. Nearly every one you meet nowadays declares he is trying to do something for the good of the Public."

"Oh, well, many promises are made, but few are kept."

"Come; don't be pessimistic. How about the Federal Reserve Bank? That was to be very helpful to you. Surely you must have noticed some beneficial effects."

"Not one, LIFE. It may have helped the bankers, but you may depend upon it that I, the Public, have to put up just as much security and pay just as much interest as before."

"Well, then, how about that liberal increase in freight rates that was granted to the railroads? That, you know, was to be a great boon to the Public."

*"What! You didn't believe, did you, LIFE, that the more we gave up to the railroad financiers the more we'd have left?"*

"That's what all of our respectable newspapers solemnly asserted. They make it their business to watch out for the interests of the Public, you know."

*"You display a surprising naivete, LIFE."*

"It looks as if you were pretty hard to please, Public."

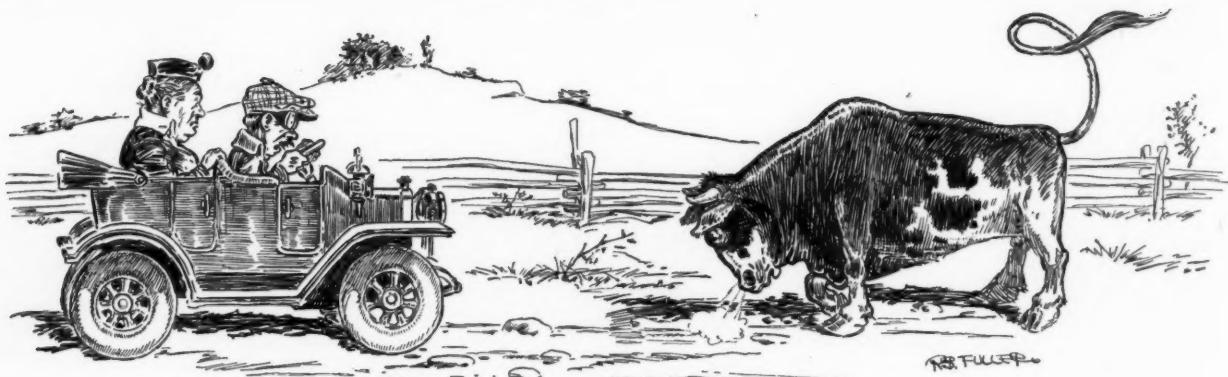
*"It does, does it? Well, I must say that's a nice accusation to bring against me after all the patience I've manifested. Hard to please! How can you be so unjust?"*

"There, there, don't be angry. We meant no harm. You are, in fact, a very good Public on the whole and a very kind one and a very gentle one. Moreover, your patience is exceedingly becoming. Keep right on in the same course and everything is sure to come out all right."

*"I accept your apology, LIFE, and I will take your advice under consideration. Good-bye."*

"Good-bye, Public. Be of good cheer, but don't let the politicians or the financiers or the evangelists impose upon you."

E. O. J.



*His Wife:* WELL, AMBROSE, YOU WOULD BUY A RED CAR

### Binding Our Workmen to Us

IT is unfortunate that Gertrude Atherton couldn't have been a little more translucent when she appended this important looking sentence to the end of a letter to the New York *Times*:

There may be ways of binding our unionized working classes to us, of, in fact, manipulating our diverse units into a homogeneous nation while avoiding a blighting paternalism on the one hand and a menacing individualism on the other.

Mrs. Atherton certainly must have intended that to be something more than a mere rhetorical jumble. But what does she mean by "binding our unionized working classes to us"? We have a fair notion as to who our unionized working classes are. That can be secured from the rolls. But who are the "us" to whom she refers? Does she mean us writers or us politicians or us financiers or us denizens of cabarets or us members of Browning clubs or what? And are we to be bound as much to the working classes as they are to be bound to us, or is it to be a sort of one-sided affair? And how are we to be sure that it would be better for us all to be bound together more securely than we already are; how can we tell whether it would help us to avoid the imaginary Scylla of a blighting paternalism on the one hand and the non-existent Charybdis of a menacing individualism on the other? Goodness knows we all want to be homogeneous, but we must be careful, for we can't afford to make any missteps at this time. *Ellis O. Jones.*

### Ex-Bryan! Oh, Be Thankful

ARE we all as thankful as we ought to be that Mr. Bryan is out of the State Department?

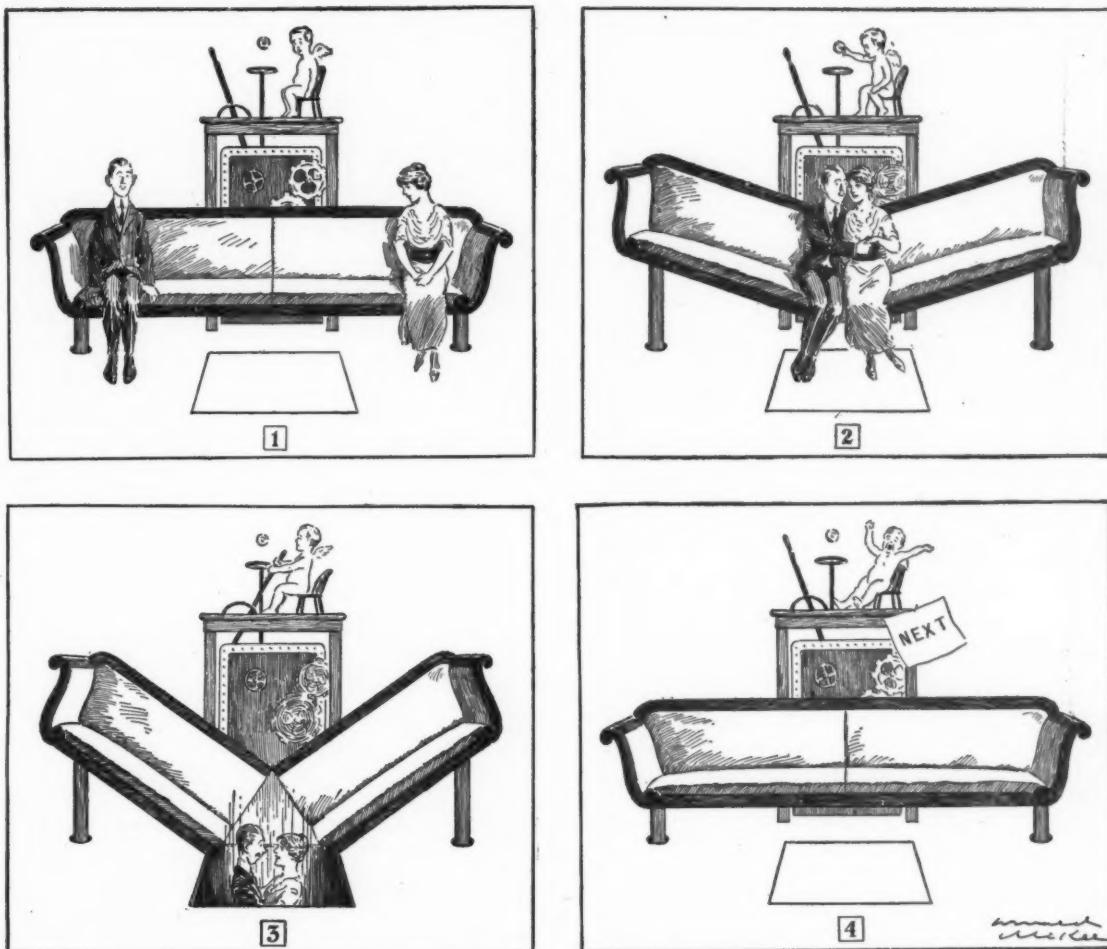
Are we thankful morning, noon and night and before and after meals and whenever we say our prayers?

Mohammedans pray regularly five

times a day. At least as often as that we should be thankful for our great deliverance from William Bryan, with special bursts of ejaculatory thankfulness whenever we think of Hayti, Mexico, Nicaragua, grape-juice, Chautauqua or Europe, and whenever the Germans sink a passenger steamer.



"WE'VE NEGLECTED TO PASS A LAW COMPELLING HIM TO BELIEVE WHAT WE TELL HIM"



THE MACHINERY OF MATRIMONY

### Some Old Friends Refuted

"**I**t cannot be too often impressed upon our minds—"

On the contrary, when some old literary bore has tried to impress it upon our minds more than about twice we become so sick and tired of it that we never want to hear it again. And if we did, it wouldn't do us a particle of good.

"**A careful comparison must convince any reasonable person—**"

Frequently a careful comparison—which is usually unnecessary—will convince a reasonable person that the old impostor who framed that sentence did not have the remotest conception of what he was writing about.

"**History teaches us that—**"

That we know just as little as we ever did about what is going to happen.

"**Be that as it may—**"

The main difficulty with this smug appeal is that it never is as it was—in which case, where are we?

"**We cannot emphasize too strongly—**"

Yes, you can. That is what's the matter with you. You are so anxious to make it appear you are right, we have an inside conviction amounting almost to a certainty that you are trying to conceal the fact that you are wrong.

"**Every educated man knows—**"

Does he? Ask him and wake up to the real truth.

"**Nothing can be more certain than—**"

Than that about three-fourths of what you claim is pure supposition.



"HOW TO DRAW A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN"

### Not Much of a Toast

**M**AJOR CURLEY'S toast to President Wilson at the Governors' dinner in Boston reads:

To the man in the Presidential office, the humanitarian who kept this country out of trouble and who was ready to do his utmost to keep this country from becoming embroiled in trouble.

Not really a first-rate toast, Mr. Mayor. Washington was never toasted as a man ready to do his utmost to keep his country out of trouble. Neither was Lincoln. Washington was "First in war, first in peace." Lincoln never shrank from getting his country in trouble when it belonged there.

President Wilson deserves better of you, Mr. Mayor. He risked a heap of trouble for this country when he said that our government would contend against unjustifiable violations of the rights of American citizens at sea "without compromise and at any cost."

### No Longer Defensive

**T**HE striking corset makers of Bridgeport won their strike, and because Bridgeport is the Connecticut Essen one feels that it must be another war-material case.

Not so. Time was when corsets might be rated as defensive armor. So it was, off and on, since long ago, and especially throughout the Victorian period and well into the present century.

But not now. Oh, no! Corsets are not at all what they were. They are no longer a defense, no longer a restraint; restrictive a little they still may be, but in the main they are something to sit down in.

The devolution of the corset is one of the wonders of the new century. Doubtless it is a symptom of radical times, as were the fashions of the Directory. But no one seems to disapprove. Hand in hand, maybe, capitalism and corsets—down and out!

As to that, who can tell? Who can read the future anywhere just now? But there may be a cousinship that we feel but cannot define between the big corset factories and the big munition factories at Bridgeport, in that they are both accessories of civilization as we know it, and both will pass away if civilization collapses or attains to the millennium. The millennium will have need neither for cartridges nor corsets, but meanwhile the munition makers and the corset girls have all had a raise.



PUZZLE  
WHERE WILL HE DEPOSIT THAT MONEY?



"BETWEEN ME AN' YOU, UNCLE JASPER, DON'T YOU GET AWFUL TIRED OF DOIN' WHAT YOU'RE TOLD?  
DON'T BE SCARED TO ANSWER. I WON'T GIVE YOU AWAY TO AUNT JANE"



SEPTEMBER 16, 1915

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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**PEACE?** Why, no; not yet. There can't be any suitable peace till the Germans are exhausted. It is sad to say, but what will you? Germany now is at the top of her success—such as it is. She holds Belgium and the north of France, and has got for the moment the better of the Russians. The Allies are nowhere yet. They are not through the Dardanelles, they have made no progress worth mentioning on the Western line for nearly a year, and on the Eastern line they have just had a great reverse. They can't make peace yet. The only possible peace terms are terms of submission and reparation from Germany. Such terms can't be had yet. Germany is suffering, but not suffering enough, so far as we know, to make the necessary submissions.

It is proper enough, of course, for the Pope to try to bring about peace at the earliest possible moment. He could not use a more acceptable emissary in his appeal to the President than Cardinal Gibbons. The Cardinal is astute, polite and kindly, and very popular. He never tramples needlessly on the sensibilities or prejudices of Protestants. Observe his picture in the papers following his call on the President. No conspicuous canonicals; a spare old gentleman in the simplest clerical clothes and a top hat. The Vatican is fortunate in its messenger.

The Cardinal's visit to the White House was in itself an advertisement of the Pope's desires, and as an ad-

vertisement it may have a value. But beyond that there is no basis to expect anything. The President will hardly act unless all the belligerents request it, and as yet the only powers the Pope seems to represent are the Teutonic allies.



**WE** seemed to get a considerable concession from the Germans about the submarine warfare. Colonel Villard, of the *Evening Post*, spoke of it as "the greatest diplomatic victory of generations" and gloried in our President because he won it "without rattling a sword, without mobilizing a corporal's guard of soldiers or lifting the anchor of a warship." True enough; he won it by sitting tight while our harvesters harvested, our traders traded, our Plattsburghers hiked and our ammunition factories multiplied their plants and ran them over hours. He won it because the saner Germans concluded that, in spite of the contemptible littleness of our army and meagreness of our military preparations, it would not do to let us into the war.

That was the most sensible conclusion Germany had reached since the war began. How much of it is left since the puncturing of the Hesperian is not determinable at this writing, but if the news is true that Admiral Von Tirpitz is ill and has been superseded in his high command, it implies that there is still significance in Mr. Wilson's victory. If the Admiral is ill, he is probably suffering from a blow

in the solar plexus from *majestät*, and if Germany has reached a mental position where it is safe to incapacitate a high Prussian war-lord in that fashion, she has really made progress.

That was the main value of "the greatest diplomatic victory of generations." It is not a vital matter whether a few hundred of our people are drowned on English liners or not. We have lots of people, and kill hundreds of them every day, and Americans can easily keep off the English ships, as has been suggested. But if we have demonstrated that the United States cares what happens to its citizens and what happens in Europe, and that it is down on "frightfulness" and ready at the first good excuse that offers to go to war to stop it, that amounts to something, and may really be helpful in curing the terrible disease of the German mind. When Dr. Wilson wrote "without compromise and at any cost," that meant that we were willing to fight. When the sane Germans realized that, it doubtless fortified them in their argument against the Von Tirpitzes and all the ranks of Odin. True, as Colonel Villard said, we didn't rattle a sword, nor call out a guard, nor lift an anchor, but our man sat within reach of a button that, touched, would loose an avalanche of goods and money, with ships and men and everything that makes for war to follow if needed in quantities to suit. Under the exceptional conditions of the case, that sufficed. What has brought Germany to terms is the one thing she understands and uses—the fear of force, and that is the best basis for expectation that she will wriggle out of this new trouble about the Hesperian.



**MEXICO** is a weary spectacle of tumult and disaster. The most hopeful fact about it is that Mr. Bryan is out of the State Department. If our Mexican policy has been mistaken President Wilson cannot be relieved of responsibility for it, but with the methods and details of it—the



"IT NEFFER VOS A GOOD FIT, ANYVAY"

selection of emissaries, the treatment of American property owners or residents and other sufferers—Mr. Bryan had a great deal to do. His notion of a good man for any appointment that he could influence was naturally a man who had supported Bryan. His attitude toward Mexico, as toward everything else, was the attitude of the political exhorter and rooter for peace.

The administration has leaned backward in its efforts to be absolutely straight in its dealings with Mexico. It has yearned and labored that justice and liberty should have every opportunity to prevail there. They have had every opportunity, and after two years and a half of Mr. Wilson's exertions there seems to be no quarter of Mexico wherein justice and liberty are not on the run or hiding up a tree. Nobody down there shows evidence of possessing the qualifications to coax these indispensable factors back into the administration of Mexican government. It was represented to us that the Científicos were a selfish lot who owned the country and the peons and exploited both to enrich themselves. So far as we know, that was true. We favored giving the mass of the people a chance. We would not

recognize Huerta, and finally got him out. We had high hopes of Carranza. He turned out to be tragically unequal to his opportunities. We had high hopes of Villa, but they have been dashed. Villa as a bandit-revolutionist is still a force to be reckoned with, but as a constructive leader he is not promising. Zapata is equally unpromising except as a bandit. We have helped to lift the Mexicans out of the capitalist-Científico frying pan and deposited them precisely in the bandit fire. The country has been looted, the women outraged, the people generally exposed to murder, robbery and starvation, the currency destroyed. Never did better intentions produce more shocking results.

Mexico is our job. We have given out that no one must meddle there but ourselves. If the Mexicans cannot straighten out their affairs we have got to do it for them. There is no time to lose. We still have a free hand, but the moment the war in Europe is over there may be complications.

How does the Mexican situation differ from the Haytian situation?

It is bigger; that is about all.

Hayti was being pillaged by a lot of murderers, none of them capable

of government. Mexico is having about the same experience. Cuba would have had the same except for us; likewise the Philippines.

Mr. Wilson has a year and a half left in which to get Mexico straightened out. Let us back him up in everything he does to that end. If he succeeds, well and good. If he doesn't succeed, the chances are that his party will lose the next election and the job will fall to some one else. Nevertheless, at any moment the European war is liable to take a turn that may frustrate all possibilities. When a great dam has burst and a huge flood threatens, it is an awkward time to suppress a local riot. But it is an even more awkward time to neglect it.



THE New York Constitutional Convention has run through its allotted time without interruption from war. That is lucky for New York. Nothing has distracted Elder Statesman Root and his coadjutors from the duties they undertook. They have sweated at them through a hot summer, and we have faith to believe that they have accomplished a great work.

The thirty-three amendments that passed the convention include the short ballot, a reorganization of State departments, an executive budget and a revision of the judiciary. The Governor is to have much more power, more responsibility and twice as much salary as now, and will be expected to govern us much cheaper and better than we have been governed for many years.

The voters must still pass on these amendments, but a fair proportion of them favor good government and will probably accept the work of the convention.

It was Mr. Root's convention. That is the universal opinion. It did what he said, and seems justified in having the same opinion of its work that the Creator had of creation.

What new labor can now be offered to Mr. Root to reward him for his incomparable services in our behalf?

### Easy Divorce

Reliable statistics show that there is one divorce to twelve marriages. These statistics misrepresent the situation. It is far worse. . . . Mormonism is more respectable as a system than easy divorce.

*Rev. Dr. T. W. Manning.*



DR. MANNING says the easy divorce is due to modern literature, drama and disguised indecency. Doubtless these have something to do with easy divorce.

To find the real trouble with divorce, however, one must go back before the marriage, in just the same way that, if we wish to discover the real trouble with certain people, we must go back before they were born.

So long as people can't get on together after they have been married, in a large number of cases it is better to separate them rather than to make a bad job worse and insist upon their living together. From Dr. Manning's standpoint about one marriage in twelve—maybe two—is not made in heaven. Is that heaven's fault? Why was this marriage allowed to pass the Heavenly Censor in the first place? That is what we want to know.

Probably, however, if the truth were discoverable, we should find that among all the marriages popularly supposed to have been made in heaven there is in every case something wrong even now with the machinery. Successful marriages are due quite largely to the capacities of the parties to accommodate themselves to each other. Marriage is largely a series of compromises. The habit of adjusting oneself to the other and a kind of mutual respect that grows out of these adjustments go to make up a large part of happy marriages.

A sense of humor is also a considerable factor. Every man who wants to become happily married, as the world goes, ought to develop it if he hasn't it, and he ought to communicate some of it to his wife. It assists greatly over the bumps. Good manners are also a mighty help. A man who is uniformly polite, even to a wife who doesn't assay as much gold to the ton as he thought, will do much toward enlisting her sympathies and co-operation and bringing her up to a livable standard.

Women are strange creatures from the man standpoint. Experience does not appear to teach them any system of living, as it does men. They rise to sudden emergencies with marvelous elasticity and constantly put to shame a certain low but dogged and persistent order of masculine courage. It is a great trick for a man to learn that that capacity for endurance is unending along certain lines and that along certain other lines it ought not even to be tested.

### Kultur's Hope Is In Defeat

THINGS are very contrary.  
For example:

Here is German *Kultur* fighting to impose itself on an unwilling world. If it should win the world would not long



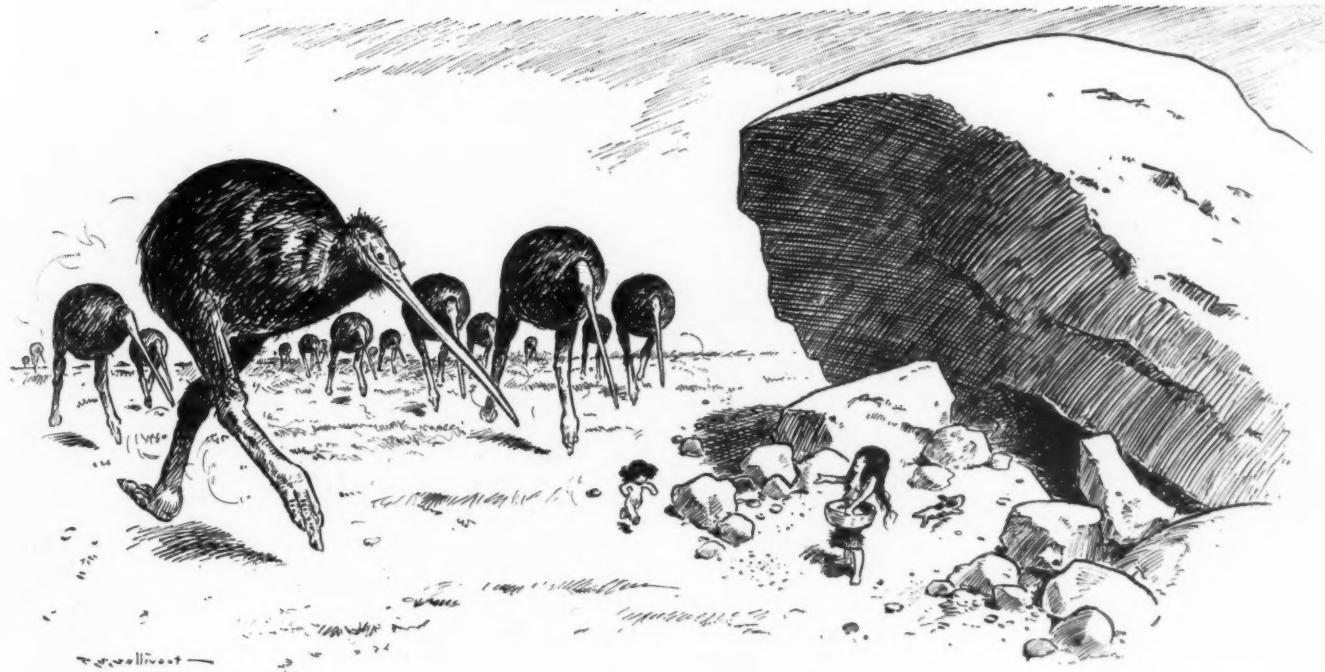
endure it, because only Germans can endure the German discipline. Presently even the Germans would revolt against it, especially if the world was so subdued that the Germans no longer had anything to fear from it.

But in order to thrash Germany and save themselves the other nations are improvising the best imitation of that German discipline that *Kultur* rests upon that they can invent. And if it enables them to beat the Germans they will think rather well of it, and probably be loath to let it go.

And so Germany will probably extend her *Kultur* more by being thrashed than she would by conquering.



*Officerette: STOP! YOU'RE ARRESTED! IF YOU AREN'T I'LL SCREAM—SO THERE!*



"CHICK! CHICK! CHICK!"

### Complete

"MOTHER," said the eldest born, "did you put the family poker chips in my trunk?"

"Yes, dear."

"And have you packed my medicine ball, golf clubs, baseball bats and exercising machines in their cases ready to ship by express?"

"Yes, dear."

"Have you instructed the garage to go over the motor car and, after filling it with oil and gas, have it in front of the house at nine o'clock?"

"I have, darling."

"Have you told father to deposit a thousand to my credit at the bank?"

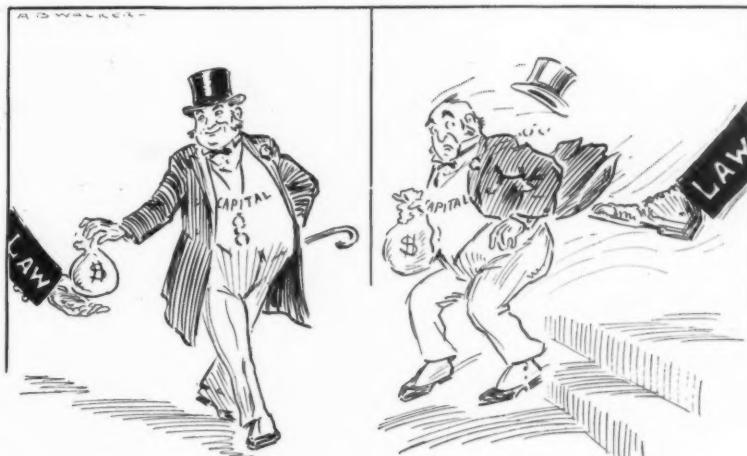
"Yes, pet."

"Then," said the youth, with a bright smile of approval, as he looked up from the batting averages, "there is really nothing else to do, mother dear, but ring up the president of the college and tell him I will be there at four-thirty to-morrow afternoon."

### Resolved

BY a bicycle: To keep in the straight and narrow path.

By a suit of clothes: To keep myself unspotted from the world.



SOMETIMES "TIS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE"

LIFE



LIFE



"Welcome To Our City"



THE END OF THE FEUD

No more wrinkles, no more dyes,  
No more birthdays, no more lies.

### The Latest Books

ZANE GREY is one of the first authors across the finish line in the fictional fall handicap. He is driving a pink and purple two-cylinder story of Arizona love and adventure called "The Rainbow Trail" (Harper's, \$1.35). And while the "mixture" of noble redmen, Mormon sealed wives and invulnerable hero is a bit heavy and there are knocks in the plot, still, when the author drowns the chug-chug of the engine by throwing in the cutout and running the chromatic scales of the painted desert on his Gabriel horn, the effect from the grandstand is very fetching. Has any one yet called Zane Grey "the American Robert Hichens"? Other things being equal—which they aren't—the comparison is not so odious. They are both addicted to deserts in lieu of hashish, and both write in the resulting delirium. "The Rainbow Trail" is a sequel (on the distaff side) to "Riders of the Purple Sage."

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN'S "Penelope's Postscripts" (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.00) makes an excellent pick-me-up after the nervous strain of Mr. Grey's adjectival orgy. Nice *Penelope!*! It is a long time now since she first went abroad as Mrs. Wiggin's special correspondent and reported the "Cathedral Courtship" and other "Experiences." But time has not in the least withered

her. There are five postscripts in the new volume—one from Switzerland, one from Venice, one each from Wales and Devon, and a (presumably) final one in which she discovers herself to us as married and still happy a long time afterward. Reading the book is like meeting an old-time friend at an unexpected corner and swapping "do-you-remembers" with him while the crowds go by.

NOVELS sell better than short stories. Do not, however, buy Montague Glass's "The Competitive Nephew" (Doubleday, Page, \$1.20) under the impression that—because its divisions are headed Chapter I, Chapter II, Chapter III and so forth—it is a novel. It is not. Nor are these so-called chapters in any sense divisions of a whole. The book is a collection of short stories and the chapters have no relation to each other. But by all means buy the book if you like short-story variations and want an amusing change. These resinous chips from the ghetto workshop of the author of "Potash and Perlmutter" are as spicily and odoriferously eloquent of their origin as cedar shavings. And they have the same trick of delighting you by their sudden and concentrated authenticity. It is a way of being witty. Why, even calling them "chapters" is a sort of Jew d'esprit.

A SIMILAR, although much diluted, authenticity of observation marks the short stories of Canadian life, published by S. Macnaughton under the title of the first of the tales, "A Green Englishman" (Dutton, \$1.35). The author is apparently neither a natural yarner nor a trained constructor of short stories, but a genuinely interested and often interesting watcher of life, some of whose reports are direct transcriptions without any attempt at fictional modeling, and others—how shall one put it?—little green vines of life-as-it-is tied up to bamboo plots. The best that the author achieves, technically, with either of these presentation-forms is to make their employment unobtrusive. But her material itself is constantly, although fitfully, coming alive in her hands, and one reads her, therefore, with constant, although fitful, appreciation.

UNLIKE the majority of works with similar titles, Charles B. Town's "Habits That Handicap" (Century, \$1.20) is no politely professorial theorizing about the relationship between uplift and one's own boot straps. It spreads out, face up on the table, such facts about drug habits and the habit-forming drugs as have been developed by the author's own professional experience and research and as have been recently revealed by the effects of the New York laws against the sale of these drugs. And it gives, with the blunt forcefulness of conviction and in the effective directness of the vernacular, the author's experiences during years of successful drug-habit breaking, and sums up the plans and faiths born of this experience. The book also deals with alcohol and tobacco in the same connection.

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY are bringing out a series of contemporary critiques under the series-title of "Writers of the Day," each of which is to be the work of a creative writer from among the younger but already known men. Thus Hugh Walpole is to do Joseph Conrad and Sheila Kaye-Smith John Galsworthy, while W. L. George has written on Anatole France and F. J. Harvey Darton on "Arnold Bennett" (Holt, 50 cents). The biography in this little volume is almost wholly drawn from "The Truth About an Author." But the descriptive relating of the Five Towns to Bennett's work is interesting, and the critical sorting out and summing up of the latter is sane and just.

J. B. Kerfoot.



"DO YOU KNOW, WELLINGTON, I REALLY THINK WE OUGHT TO TAKE IT. IT'S A THING TO HAVE  
ALWAYS IN OUR HOME"

"JUST SO, AUNT EMILY. I AGREE WITH YOU ENTIRELY. IT'S CHARMING IN LINE AND COLOR"



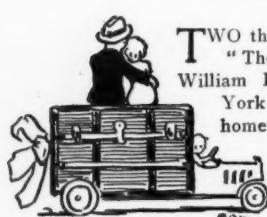
## An Old Play and a New Playwright

A cartoon illustration of a man in a dark suit and white shirt, wearing glasses and a bow tie. He is holding a small, dark, wavy-haired dog in his left arm. The drawing is done in a simple, sketchy style.

IT'S high testimony to the quality of Captain Marshall's "The Duke of Killicrankie" that within a day of the eleventh anniversary of its first production in New York it could still get laughs out of an audience, and on an unusually hot and muggy evening in September. It is also encouraging to note that the laughs were evoked not by sensational nor slap-stick methods, but largely by the cleverness of the lines and the legitimate comedy situations. It is also worth noting that a play of this sort could to-day appeal to a public which has been fed up with crook dramas, broad farce and startling moving pictures.

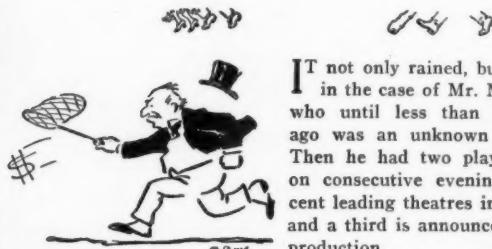
Curiously, the title part of the play is not really the star rôle, so that with Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk again cast as *Pitt-Welby*, the substitution of Mr. Graham Browne for Mr. John Drew, who created the character of *Killicrankie* in this country, did not make so much difference as might have been expected. *Pitt-Welby* is really the important character, and Mr. Gottschalk's eccentricities have rarely had a better medium of expression. With Marie Tempest on the distaff side of the cast and the other rôles discreetly filled, the revived comedy, although very talky at times, showed that audiences may still be made to listen to talk if the talk is worth while.

The novelty in the bill was an ingenious one-act sketch of the sort that J. M. Barrie has been turning out lately, instead of massing himself for more serious efforts. It's chief appeal is that it gives Marie Tempest opportunity to show herself in the contrasting counterfeit of mother and daughter. The author stretches the probabilities beyond their elasticity and takes the audience into his confidence so early in the game that the element of surprise is wiped out entirely. By a less eminent author and with a less piquant star "Rosalind" would have difficulty in gaining a hearing. It has a quality of daintiness, however, that the American author seems to avoid. This and the finished comedy acting of the star compensate for the rough spots in construction.



**T**WO things essential to rural drama are omitted from "The Road to Happiness," the play in which Mr. William Hodge brings his rustic personality to New York again. There is no mortgage on anyone's home and no missing will. In other respects, poultry and all, the play is up to the plans and specifications for dramas of its kind. The "lean on me, mother" motive is present in full force, and the stony-hearted village magistrate provides the usual amount of discomfort for every one in sight until the humble hero—naturally Mr. Hodge—makes the customary small potatoes of him in the last act.

"The Road to Happiness" will provide mild and innocuous amusement for those who like their drama rural. And it has one very real hen.



**I**T not only rained, but it poured, in the case of Mr. Max Marcin, who until less than a fortnight ago was an unknown playwright. Then he had two plays produced on consecutive evenings at adjacent leading theatres in New York and a third is announced for early production.

The business motive is prominent in both of Mr. Marcin's plays, the first of them, "The House of Glass," being a serious story of crime brought into the domestic life of high finance. Victor Hugo showed us in *Javert* a thief-taker who never left the trail, and Mr. Marcin shows us one of the same type in our own day. An element of improbability attaches to the play, because very few persons believe that the modern police detective is actuated in his calling by anything but the hope of reward. The whole fabric of this play hinges on the relentless pursuit of the heroine through years by a headquarters detective who was animated solely by professional pride. It's the old case of truth being stranger than fiction, for those who know the New York police will recognize in *Carroll*, excellently played by Mr. Thomas Findlay, a type of detective that really exists, the kind that hates a thief and joys in running him down. It's well for the comfort of society that Mr. Marcin's character is not a creature of fiction.



"STATELY OLD FIFTH AVENUE"

Granting the truth of this important motive, "The House of Glass" tells a logical story. It is absorbing in the interest it creates in its characters, who are well interpreted by an unusually well selected cast, whose members deserve more extended notice and commendation than space allows.



**L**ESS serious—in fact, wholly farcical—is Mr. Marcin's second effort, "See My Lawyer." The business exploited here is the fleecing of investors by fake inventors. This industry is more widespread than is generally known. The census contains no statistics concerning it, as neither its promoters nor its victims are keen about giving up information or figures based on their experiences. This also applies to the gold-brick, green-goods and wire-tapping industries.

"See My Lawyer" seems to have been written largely about the personality of Mr. T. Roy Barnes, who plays the promoter who has got in too deep in selling stock in a fake invention for producing artificial rubber. To escape the consequences he feigns insanity, and this provides the leading laugh motive. In the hands of a less strenuous actor there were possibilities in this rôle, many of which escape Mr. Barnes. The same comment may justly be applied to most of the other members of the cast. In spite of the sketchiness of the piece itself and of the defects in the acting, it has a lot of go to it, and will please farciklers who are not too exacting.

Persons who have been stung by the wily swindler and have recovered from their first soreness may find a reminiscent and melancholy joy in "See My Lawyer." If they could all be induced to see the play it would have a long and successful run.

Metcalfe.



**Astor.**—"Young America," by Mr. Fred Ballard. Sketchy comedy drama with a boy and his dog as the principal characters. Laughable and interesting.

**Belasco.**—"The Boomerang," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. Clever and well-staged farcical comedy with some well-directed drives at medicine as it is practiced.

**Booth.**—Dramatization of Jacques Futrelle's "My Lady's Garter." Notice later.

**Candler.**—"The House of Glass," by Max Marcin. See above.

**Casino.**—"The Blue Paradise." Comic operetta of the Viennese type. Cheery, well staged and unusually tuneful.

**Comedy.**—"Just Boys," by Katherine Browning Miller and Allen Kanka. Notice later.

**Cort.**—Closed.

**Eltinge.**—"See My Lawyer," by Max Marcin. See above.

**Empire.**—Revival of "Grumpy." Agreeable melodramatic comedy, with Mr. Cyril Maude's clever characterization of the title part.

**Forty-eighth Street.**—Closed.

**Forty-fourth Street.**—Successful dramas turned into moving pictures. Notice later.

**Fulton.**—"Some Baby." Highly improbable but rather amusing farce, disfigured with some coarse lines.



"MA, LET'S GO HOME"

**Gaiety.**—"Daddy Long-Legs." Partly humorous and partly pathetic romance of a girl foundling.

**Globe.**—"Chin-Chin." Musical extravaganza, brilliantly staged and full of laughs produced mostly by Messrs. Montgomery and Stone.

**Harris.**—"Rolling Stones." Amusing farce, very up to date, laughable and well acted.

**Hudson.**—"Under Fire." War comedy with serious episodes and graphic scenes in hospital and trenches.

**Knickerbocker.**—Opens later with moving-picture plays presenting well-known stars of the legitimate theatre.

**Little.**—Closed.

**Liberty.**—"The Birth of a Nation." Elaborate moving-picture reproduction of battle scenes in the Civil War and episodes during the reconstruction period, when the Ku Klux Klan was active.

**Longacre.**—"The Girl Who Smiles." Diverting musical piece, tuneful, even if some of the numbers suggest popular numbers in other compositions.

**Lyceum.**—Revival of "The Duke of Killicrankie," followed by Sir J. M. Barrie's sketch entitled "Rosalind," with Marie Tempest as the star. See above.

**Manhattan Opera House.**—"Stolen Orders." An elaborate scenic war melodrama from London. Notice later.

**Marine Elliott's.**—"Our Children," adaptation of "Mein Leopold," by Mr. Louis Ansacher. Notice later.

**Park.**—"No. 33 Washington Square," with May Irwin as the star. Farcical comedy of New York life, giving the star ample opportunity for the display of her comedy powers in a legitimate rôle.

**Playhouse.**—Closed.

**Princess.**—Closed.

**Punch and Judy.**—Closed.

**Republic.**—"Common Clay," by Mr. Cleves Kinhead. Once more the sex-injustice theme in dramatic form. Interesting drama of the day, with excellent cast, headed by John Mason and Jane Cowl.

**Shubert.**—"The Road to Happiness," by Lawrence Whitman and with William Hodge as the star. See above.

**Thirty-ninth Street.**—"The Last Laugh." Rather heavy-handed farce, well presented and laughable in some of its situations.

**Winter Garden.**—"Passing Show of 1915." Girls and music in wholesale quantities, especially the former. Burlesques of last season's plays and other appeals to the intellect of the t. b. m. Good entertainment of its kind.

## • LIFE •



PITY THE CHILDLESS

*Mrs. Bunny: WE WANT TO ADOPT A DOZEN OR TWO CHILDREN*

## Nothing on Him

THE great editor of the leading daily paper summoned his star reporter and said:

"Have you ascertained the number of submarines actually on hand, together with the number building, and compared them with those of the other leading nations?"

"Sorry, but I haven't gotten around to that yet."

"Have you made the round of the leading ammunition centers, made a careful compilation of all the shells and bullets we now have in stock, and how many we can turn out a day for the next year?"

"Not yet."

"Have you made a study of our coast-defense system with a view to discovering what mounted guns there are at present, their power and range, together with accurate facts about mine-laying?"

"I've been so busy that—"

Then the great editor spoke in a stentorian tone, for he was plainly chagrined.

"Young man," he exclaimed, with a sarcastic quaver, "I should like to know, as a mere matter of idle curiosity, when you expect to write your article showing the exact condition of our country's preparedness in case of war?"

And, with a quiet, dignified smile of confidence, the star reporter replied:

"My dear sir, I wrote all that yesterday, and it appears in next Sunday's issue. Haven't you seen the advertisements? I thought when you first spoke that you were going to convict me of doing something detrimental to the great cause of American journalism."

**M**ALONEY (*reading life-insurance circular*): Phwat's a "table av expectancy"?

**CASEY:** Shure, it's something thot proves by statistics thot ye won't live as long after yez are sixty as yez did before.

## Lyrics of Travel

EIGHT cents' worth of chicken,	\$0.10
Two cents' worth of tea.....	
Six stalks of asparagus,	
Bought at two for three.....	.04
Four cents' worth of ice cream,	
Two cents' worth of cake.....	.06
Quarter's worth of odor from	
Some one else's steak.....	.25
Three cents' worth of butter,	
One cent's worth of bread.....	.04
Six cents' worth of service,	
Charged for overhead.....	.06
Make the little luncheon	
On your railroad trip.....	\$0.55
Costing you two-fifty,	
Excluding Rastus' tip.....	\$2.75

J. K. B.



*Father: OH, WELL! HE MAY AS WELL FIND OUT FOR HIMSELF*

## Word Wanted

**M**ANY an otherwise excellent vocabulary is suffering at present for the want of a word to take the place of "neutral." The war has absolutely destroyed this word for all future use in polite society. We shall never be able to use it again in its ordinary meaning without arousing the suspicion either of perpetrating a subtle joke or else of being a party to some deep-dyed villainous plot. Needless to say, a substitute must be found instanter, for no vocabulary is complete without a word which means "neutral" and which can be used in that sense without awkward international connotations.

### *Chairman Walsh and the Mastodons*

IN the Walsh Commission on Industrial Relations there were two members to represent the public, three to represent employers, and three to represent the employed. This last trio joined with Chairman Francis Patrick Walsh as signers of a report which suggests, among many other improvements, to revise the inheritance laws so that no testator may hand down more than a million dollars to his heirs, the rest of his money to go to the Federal Government.

It is not necessary yet to take this suggestion seriously, but it comes in handy for contemplation. The huge fortunes that have grown up in this country within the last fifty years are almost universally deprecated. We look enviously at France, where there are very few large incomes. We say to ourselves that the income of the big fortunes has to be produced by labor and is a tax on the productive capacity of the country, and that does not sound well.

There may be in any country a superfluity of affluent people who need not earn any money, but have it fixed so that they have the spending of a large share of what is earned. In England there seems to be a superfluity of such



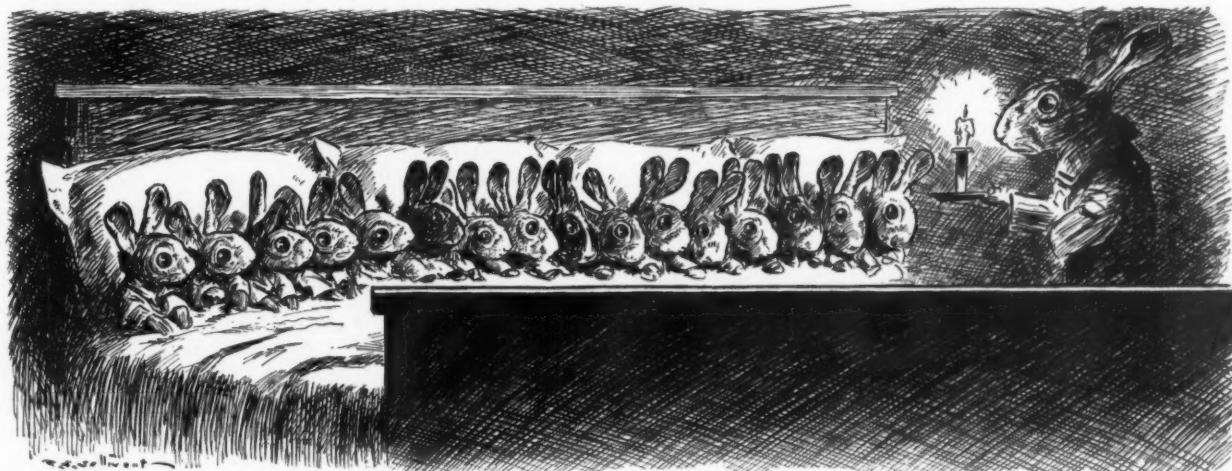
SUNDAY MORNING

persons, and folks who argue that it is getting to be so here offer a good many rather fearsome facts. England has been pinching its rich, because that has seemed the price of continuing existence. We shall doubtless pinch ours when the time comes, though, doubtless, we shall not like to do it.

But while we still have these immense fortunes we may as well contemplate the good of them. They correspond to the mastodons and other gigantic creatures in the geological development of earth. When the rocks cool in a new continent and the supply of grass and foliage becomes abundant,

mastodons and pterodactyls happen, just as Rockefellers and Carnegies do when transportation has got far enough to connect the people and the land and the goods and the markets. But just as pterodactyls and mastodons disappear as the earth becomes uncomfortable for creatures so big, so, no doubt, our big fiscal monsters will gradually disappear as society outgrows them.

But while we still have them they have their uses. They constitute in the republic a useful element of autocracy. They can do things on a large scale without getting the consent of the voters. They are great builders and



"WHAT'S THE MATTER, CHILDREN? WHY DON'T YOU GO TO SLEEP?"  
"WE WANT A DRINK"

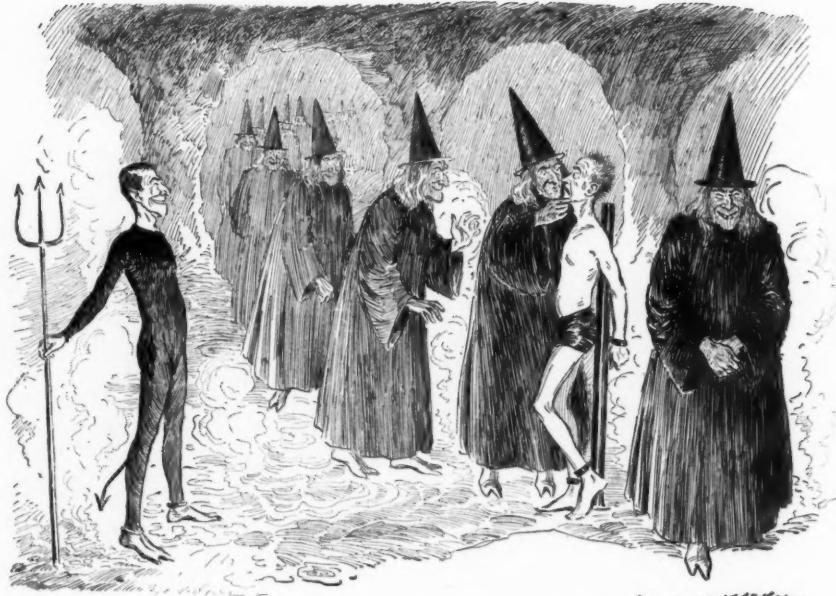


"THE LINE OF LEAST RESISTANCE"

beautifiers, providers of objects of taste and aids to civilization, experimenters, doers of important things that don't pay in money. Perhaps the mastodons and the other monsters had uses analogous to these in the prehistoric times. Anyhow, so far as we know, they had their place in the sun and their turn at the bat, and passed away because earth got along so far that they no longer fitted in it. In history and romance there is a great tradition of dragon fighting, and that may mean that the last of the pterodactyls were cleaned up by men, but all the remnants we find of them are of such as were mired in swamps or caught by a change of weather and died from natural causes.

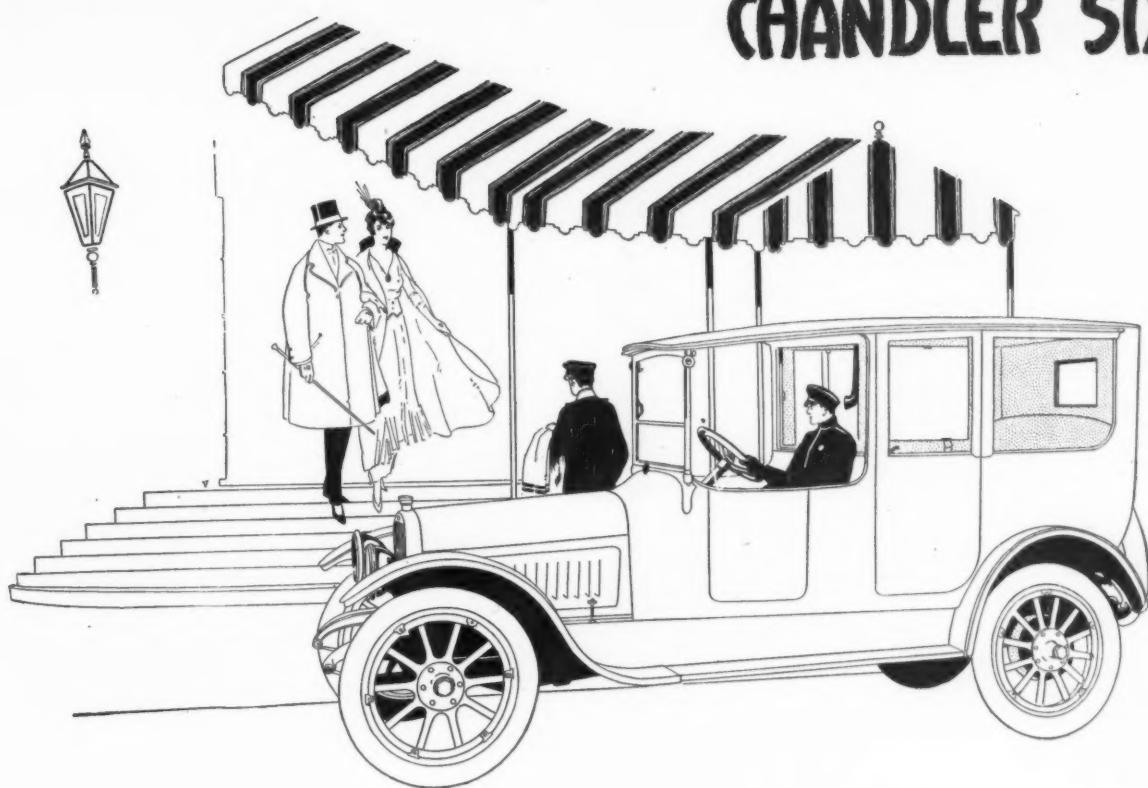
Natural causes are going to relieve us presently of our mastodon money-getters if we can only have a little patience. A little money can dodge and duck under, but the mastodon for-

(Continued on page 536.)



FUTURE PUNISHMENT OF THE MAN WHO KISSED AND TOLD

# CHANDLER SIX



## CHANDLER AUTUMN OFFERINGS OF BEAUTIFUL CLOSED CARS

CHANDLER distributors in many cities are showing the splendid and varied line of new Chandler Closed Cars. These include the Limousine, illustrated above, priced at \$2450, the Sedan, \$2250, the Coupe, \$1950, the Convertible Sedan, \$1795, and the Cabriolet, \$1650.

These models are all mounted on the famous Chandler light-weight six chassis, which has established itself in widespread favor during the past three years through its satisfactory service to thousands of owners. The bodies are examples of the finest development in the art, graceful in line, roomy, luxu-

riously cushioned and upholstered, and handsomely appointed.

The prices, too, you will appreciate after inspecting the cars, are typically representative of the Chandler policy of giving the highest possible quality for the lowest possible price.

*Catalog on Request*

*Early Orders Insure Early Deliveries*

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## Humbled

Mrs. Mellen did not wish to offend her new cook.

"John," she said to the manservant, "can you find out without asking the cook, whether the tinned salmon was all eaten last night? You see, I don't wish to ask her, because she may have eaten it, and then she would feel uncomfortable," added the good soul.

"If you please, ma'am," replied the man, "the new cook has eaten the tinned salmon, and if you was to say anything to her you couldn't make her feel any more uncomfortable than she is."

—*Christian Register.*

## Couldn't Blame It

The hotel was not a very good one and the traveling men knew it. Nevertheless they were obliged to go there when they came late at night to the little town. In the middle of the night one of them was dimly conscious that something was wrong. Suddenly he realized that the trouble came from a leaking gas jet.

"Wake up, Bill!" he shouted, shaking his friend violently. "The gas is escaping!"

"Well," growled Bill, "can you blame it?"—*Ladies' Home Journal.*



IF OUR WORDS WERE TAKEN LITERALLY  
"ALL I NEED IS A NEW HAT"

## Non-committal

A Sunday-school teacher, after conducting a lesson on the story of "Jacob's Ladder," concluded by saying: "Now, is there any little boy or girl who would like to ask a question about the lesson?"

Little Susie looked puzzled for a moment, and then raised her hand.

"A question, Susie?" asked the teacher.

"I would like to know," said Susie, "if the angels have wings, why did they have to climb up the ladder?"

The teacher thought for some moments, and then, looking about the class, asked:

"Is there any little boy who would like to answer Susie's question?"—*Argonaut.*

## Discerning

"Daisy," remarked the teacher, "don't love your cat too much. What would you do if it died—you wouldn't see it again?"

"Oh, yes; I should see it in heaven."

"No, dear, you're mistaken; animals cannot go to heaven like people."

Daisy's eyes filled with tears, but suddenly she exclaimed triumphantly:

"Animals do go to heaven, for the Bible says the Promised Land is flowing with milk and honey, and, if there are no animals, where do they get the milk?"—*Tit-Bits.*

GERMANY'S apologies somehow recall the little boy who was told to apologize to another little boy whom he had called a liar. He said: "Johnny, I am sorry that you are a liar."—*Chicago News.*

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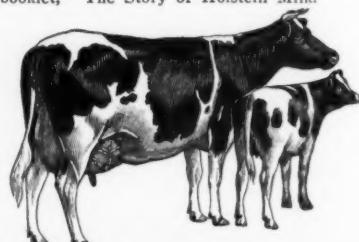
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During the past few years experiments by scientists have conclusively proven that heavy, yellow milk is not the most nutritious, for the very simple reason that its large fat percentage renders it less easily digested. It is fair to predict that, at no distant time, the State Boards of Health, and other public officials will not insist on a high grade of fat in milk, but on a high grade of health giving vitality imparting solids. Purebred Holstein cows' milk is naturally light colored, low in fat percentage but richest of all in nourishing proteins.

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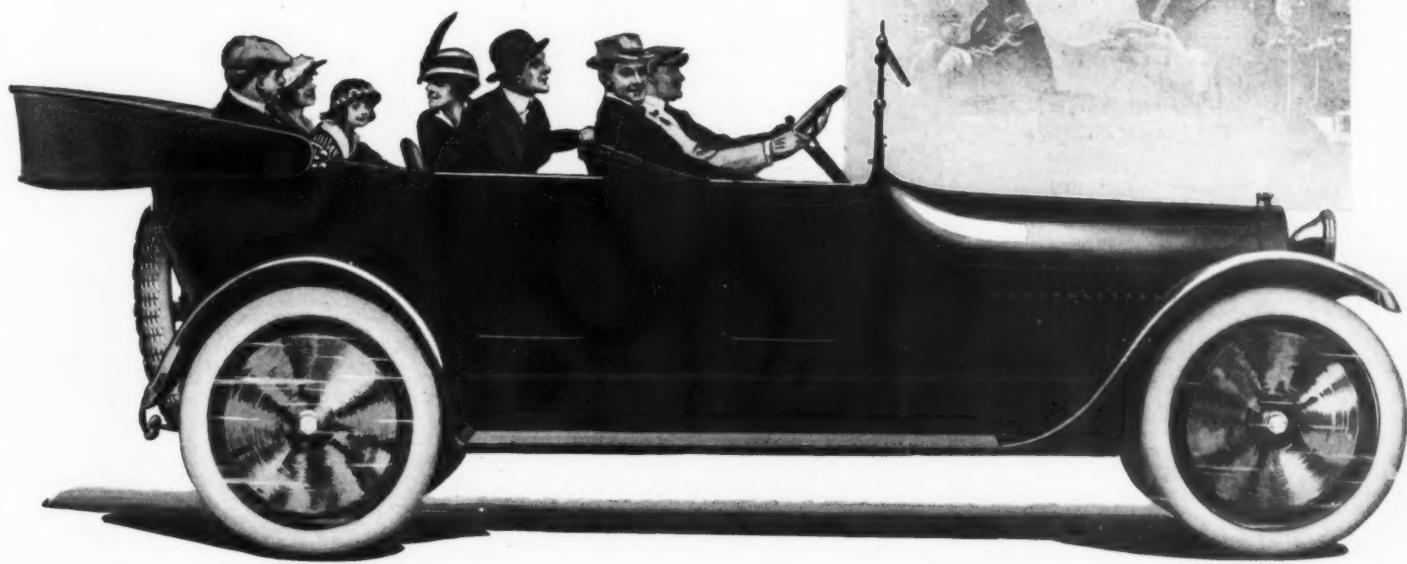


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F. O. B. Walkerville

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AMERICA  
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## Groans

The doctor cured my funny bone  
And yet I could not see  
The joke he cracked, as home I packed  
Because I paid his fee.

He took a cinder from my eye;  
I did not mind until  
He made me wink and, in a blink,  
I lost a yellow bill.

"The pressure on your chest," he said  
In manner kind but terse,  
"Will pass away as sure as day."  
It did—but took my purse.

—Elias Lieberman, in  
*The Medical Pickwick.*

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## Ship of the Desert

"Johnny," said the teacher, "what is a dromedary?"

Johnny didn't know, but Ralph did.

"I know," he said proudly. "A dromedary is a two-masted camel."

—*Christian Register.*

"My cousin is a true pessimist."

"How's that?"

"Even the brand of hope he uses is forlorn."—*Kansas City Journal.*

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## Safety First

"Dearest," he said, "can't I get you a nice diamond ring for Christmas?"

"No, darling," whispered the far-seeing young thing. "I will take the ring now. Let Christmas bring its happy surprises, just as usual."—*The Evening Star* (Brooklyn Evening High School.)

A Sherbet is made tasty and delightful by using Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"WHEN Jones bought his new house it was with the express understanding that he should have a room all of his own—a den or study."

"Yes, I know what you mean. Did he get it?"

"Yes, and his wife furnished it."

"How?"

"With a sewing-machine, a cutting-table, two dressers, dummies, three sewing-chairs and a full-length mirror."

—*Tit-Bits.*

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"Have you heard?"

"No, what—?"

"Alan Dale is writing for *The Theatre Magazine*—"

"Not really—not like he used—"

"Just like—not the sign of a censorship. It's to go straight from his pen to the press. And—Oh, do you remember what he used to do to some of the new plays?

"At last we'll have some real snappy criticism. Some straight-from-the-shoulder stuff."

"When do his articles start?"

"Right away—with the October number. And to introduce them, *The Theatre Magazine* is making a splendid trial offer of four months for one dollar."

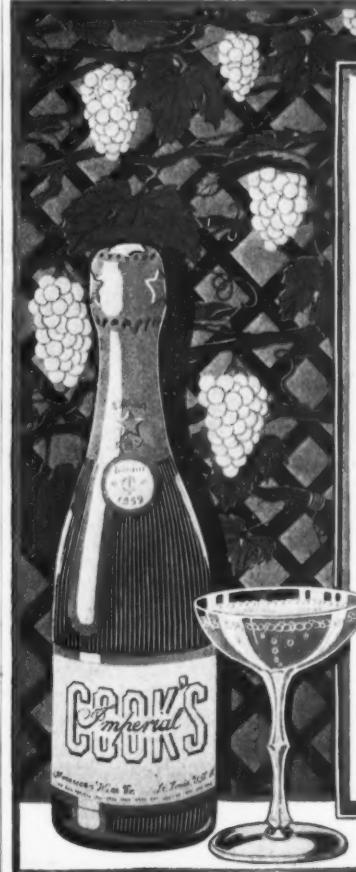
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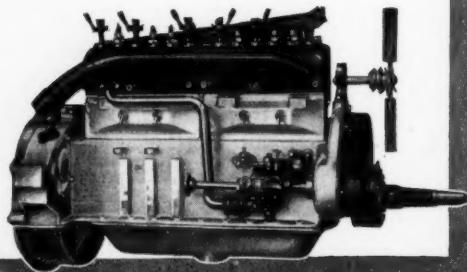
Continental simplicity goes far to account for Continental satisfaction; it assures readiness of control and adjustment, freedom from trouble, ease of repairs. Even the uninitiated can read the promise of the trim lines and fine proportions of this motor; the expert appreciates its masterly design. To both its simplicity is the mark of its merit.

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### The Majesty of the Law

THE difficult part of legislation is inserting the majesty in the proper proportion. Almost any old legislator can pass laws, but when they try to make them majestic, nine out of ten legislators, perhaps more, fail utterly. It is not the law itself that inspires people with respect and makes them tremble and genuflect and kowtow; it is the majesty of the law. Occasionally, however, we will find a law that has too much majesty, so much that all the common sense has been crowded out. This is as bad as not enough. There are many laws on our statute books, but only a very few of them are properly majesticated. Hence the confusion and other annoyances that make contempt of court so common these days.

### The Irish as Church Builders

THE Roman Catholic brethren in this country are building much better edifices than they used to build. We must all rejoice at that. Whether one admires the Roman organization or groups it with the Demon Rum and like monsters, he should rejoice to have it build well.

All builders are building better than they did because taste has enormously improved and better architecture is crowding out worse. Up to recent times the Catholics usually built badly, partly because they were poor and partly because the period from about 1830 to about 1890 was one of the darkest ages of architecture, especially in the United States. But now that dark age has passed, and the Irish have been getting rich, and when one hears that a Catholic church is going up somewhere he begins to have hopes that it will be something suitable to look at.

People who have lots of money and get about and see the world are liable to develop taste in architecture so that they know good from bad and prefer good. Such people are apt to have a voice in the choice of architects when a church is contemplated, and that is usually fortunate.

The Irish, take them by and large, are probably the most pious lot of people in New York. They are inclined to express themselves in ecclesiastical architecture, and for the first time in about a thousand years they have the money to do it. They will probably beautify this city very much. The papers say that the new Dominican

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are made brimful of delight and  
good cheer by good old

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The time honored beverages that  
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have been successfully tried by thousands.  
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*Customer:* WHAT! FIFTEEN CENTS A POUND FOR SULPHUR! IT'S OUTRAGEOUS! I CAN GO ACROSS THE STREET AND GET IT FOR TEN!

*Druggist:* YES—AND I KNOW WHERE YOU CAN GO AND GET IT FOR NOTHING

Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, in Lexington Avenue, promises to be the most beautiful church in town.

So may it be. If every new church beats all its predecessors we shall soon have a handsome city.

### UNUSUAL TRIAL OFFER FOR 10c.

Send one roll of film, any size, 6 or 12 exposure (for film pack); we will develop film or pack and make a total of 6 pictures from the best negatives for 10c (stamps). Beautiful 10-inch mounted enlargements 25c. Price list and sample print free upon request.

ROANOKE CYCLE CO., Roanoke, Va.

## "What can I do to make her stronger?"

Your physician has told you that it is simply one of the thousands of cases of "debility." You have tried certain "tonics" without avail, but you have not yet tried Sanatogen, the true food-tonic.

And Sanatogen may well prove her salvation, for remember that thousands of women who were weak and weary have derived new strength, a new joy of living, from its use.

Olive Schreiner, the famous writer, gratefully exclaims:

"Nothing that I have taken in years has given me such a sense of vigor as Sanatogen."

And Lady Somerset, the noted social reform advocate, refers to the way Sanatogen "braces the patient to health."

This help of Sanatogen is not the false help of a mere stimulant but the constructive aid of a true food-tonic which gives the exhausted system the natural elements for building up the blood, strengthening the nerves, improving digestion.

How well it performs this function, physicians in every land—21,000 of them have endorsed Sanatogen in writing—know from actual observation. Their attitude is well summed up by the famous Berlin specialist, Professor Eulenberg, who writes:

"I am using Sanatogen more and more in cases of nervous troubles which have their origin in poverty of the blood and poor nutrition, and never had occasion to regret its use."

And we feel sure you will never regret using Sanatogen.

Sanatogen is sold by good druggists everywhere in three sizes, from \$1.00 up.

Grand Prize, International Congress of Medicine, London, 1913.



## SANATOGEN ENDORSED BY OVER 21,000 PHYSICIANS

Send

for "The Art of Living," a charming little book by Richard Le Gallienne, the popular poet-author, touching on Sanatogen's kindly help and giving other interesting aids in the quest for contentment and better health. This book is free. Tear this off as a reminder to write THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO., 24-E Irving Place, New York.

### A Word to the Militarists

If undying fame and glorious heroism are still to be considered among the valuable by-products of war, then it is important that the war be not unduly prolonged.

The longer the war the more numerous the heroes, but the amount of attention which the populace can give to such matters is necessarily limited. The point is soon reached, therefore, where heroes, no matter how effulgent, must go unnoticed because we are too weary or too preoccupied to give them attention. Many a man who under ordinary circumstances is entitled to unstinted acclaim and undying fame sees his fame waste away and perish because of too much competition. Heroes should never travel in a crowd.

### The Chateau Laurier Ottawa-Canada

THE de luxe Hotel of the Dominion. Situated in the heart of the Capital of Canada, is one of the finest hotels on the Continent. Accommodations, three hundred and fifty rooms. Rates, \$2.00 and upwards.

European plan.

Ottawa in summer is a delightful place to sojourn. Full of interest for the tourist and sightseer. Handsomely illustrated booklet of Ottawa and the Chateau Laurier sent free on application to Desk C.

Chateau Laurier, Ottawa, Canada  
ANGUS GORDON, Manager



I owe my clear complexion to Resinol Soap

After years of experimenting with all sorts of things for my skin, I began to use Resinol Soap. In a very few days I could see a marked improvement.

It seemed impossible that anything so simple as washing my face twice a day with hot water and a delightful toilet soap could do more good than all those tedious, expensive treatments, but the fact remains that now my complexion is clear, with the natural glow of health and youth that I feared it had lost for good.

*Resinol Soap for the toilet and bath, helps to give men's skin that healthy, "outdoor look" so much to be desired.*

### And So Would Others

"Prosperity has ruined many a man," declared the moralizer.

"Well," rejoined the demoralizer, "if I was going to be ruined at all I'd prefer prosperity to do it."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

"Does your daughter play the piano by ear?"

"No; she uses both hands and both feet, but I don't think she has learned to use her ears."—*United Presbyterian.*

### Life's Short Story Contest

First Prize	\$1000
Second Prize	500
Third Prize	250

**H**OW short can a short story be and still be a short story? LIFE would like to know. So would every writer, and, therefore, all writers are invited to join with LIFE in making a practical test.

LIFE invites contributions of original short stories. For the best ones received before noon of October 4, 1915, it will award three prizes—\$1,000, \$500 and \$250.

### CONDITIONS

No story must exceed fifteen hundred words in length.

There is no restriction placed upon the kind of story to be submitted. It may be humorous or tragic; but jokes, anecdotes, epigrams or verses do not come within the scope of the contest.

All manuscripts which are accepted for publication in LIFE will be paid for at the rate of ten cents a word for every word under fifteen hundred words which the author does not write. To illustrate: if the accepted story is one hundred words in length, then the author will receive \$1.40, or ten cents a word for the fourteen hundred words which he did not write. For what he does write he receives no pay. If, on the other hand, the accepted story is fourteen hundred and ninety-nine words in length, the author will receive ten cents. This story, however, will stand an equal chance of winning the prize with one which is very much shorter (say, one hundred words), as each story will be judged strictly on its merits as a story.

The stories will be published in LIFE as soon as possible after they are accepted, and will be paid for on acceptance upon the basis which has just been defined. When they have all been published, then the final awarding of the \$1,750 in prizes will be made in the following manner:

The Editors of LIFE will first select, out of all the stories published, the twelve which are, in their judgment, the best. The authors of these twelve stories will be asked to become judges of the whole contest, which will then include all the stories published. These twelve authors will decide which are the best three stories, in the order of their merit, to be awarded the prizes. In case, for any reason, any one or more

In your new home

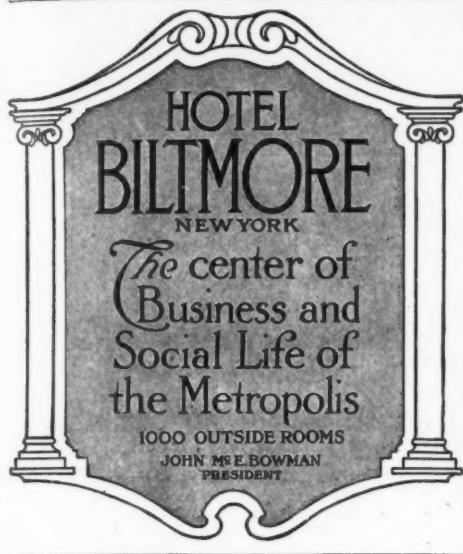
BE careful what shade rollers are put up on your windows. More window shades are pulled out of shape, cracked and torn by poor shade rollers than ever wear out. Have your shades fitted with Hartshorn's Improved Shade Rollers. Used in over 10,000,000 homes. No tacks are necessary.

*Free—Send for a valuable book, "How to Get the Best Service from Your Shade Rollers."*

When you buy, insist on getting Hartshorn's; always look for the signature shown here.

Stewart Hartshorn Co., E. Newark, N. J.

**HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS**



of these twelve authors should be unable to act as judge, then the contest will be decided by the rest.

Each of the judges will, of course, if he so wishes, vote for his own story first, so that the final result may probably be determined by the combined second, third and fourth choices of all the judges. This will not affect the results. In case of a division among the judges the Editors of LIFE will cast the deciding vote. The final award will be announced as early as possible after the last story has been published in LIFE. Of this there will be due notice. Manuscripts will be accepted as fast as they can be read and passed upon.

In every case they should be addressed, "To the Editor of LIFE's Short Story Contest, 17 West 31st Street, New York City," and the author's name and address should be plainly written upon the manuscript, which should be accompanied by return postage in case of rejection. The editors will exercise due care in returning unavailable contributions, but will not hold themselves responsible for loss. Contestants are advised to keep duplicate copies. All manuscripts must be at LIFE office by noon of Monday, October 4, 1915. No manuscript received after that date will be considered. Each contestant may send in as many manuscripts as he desires.

If any of the rules of this contest are violated the Editors of LIFE reserve the right to debar the contributions.

**ROUND THE WORLD TOURS**  
**P&O** The Best Regular Services to  
 EGYPT, INDIA, CHINA, PHILIPPINES, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND. Round World Trips and Winter Tours in INDIA. PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL S. N. CO.  
 Full information from  
**CUNARD LINE, 24 State St., N.Y.**



10 x 12 "Sterileto" Edwards ready-to-use garage, \$69.50 complete. Factory price. Fireproof. Portable. Quickly set up. All styles and sizes of garages and portable buildings. Send postcard for illustrated catalog.

The Edwards Mfg. Co.  
 336-356 Eggleston Ave., Cincinnati, O.

## Lo, the Poor Solons

ANYONE having a few extra vials of pity to spare could do no better than to send them to the New York Constitutional Convention now struggling at Albany.

This collection of solons are trying to bring the New York Constitution up to date without making it too modern. In these enlightened days this is no easy task. What with public opinion pulling in one direction and private opinion hauling in other directions, it is as much as a struggling young solon's life and reputation are worth to make a suggestion of any kind. Western and Middle Western States seem to be able to endow their constitutions with up-to-dateness without suffering from too many compunctions or soul-harrowings. But out here, with Wall Street and Tammany and William Barnes, Jr., to contend with, the work is considerably more complicated.

THE exquisitely wrought "flower and fruit" decoration of this "Francis I" pattern affords Reed & Barton silversmiths another opportunity to prove that the brilliancy of their craftsmanship is not eclipsed by the best work of the Old World masters of the French Renaissance.

Reed & Barton's exclusive "Period" table silver includes such other patterns as Heppelwhite, Chambord, Jacobean, Copley, Clovelly, Four Georges and Riviera—to mention a few.

Daily arrivals of the newest ideas in silver, direct from our own factory, make Reed & Barton's stores ideal places in which to select wedding gifts. Over 5,000 suggestions in silver. And if you wish diamond or precious stone jewelry that is rarely duplicated you will find here one of the finest departments in all the world.

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Established 1824

Sterling Silver, Diamonds,  
 Gold Jewelry, Clocks,  
 Watches, Leather Goods,  
 Stationery, Canes,  
 Umbrellas



### Six Million More Merry Years

**A**CCORDING to a recent carefully compiled estimate, the world will come to an end—that is, it will cease to support life—about the year 6001915 A. D. Hence we have, roughly speaking, six million more years in which to pile up public debts for posterity to struggle with. It is, therefore, too early for us to begin to worry. We can do lots in that time. We can have 6,000,000 Christmases, 1,500,000 presidential campaigns, 1,440,000 leap years, 600,000 decades, 60,000 centuries, 312,000,000 pay days, 1,000 seasons, 72,000,000 months, 3,000,000 Congresses and at least 2,219,423,726 extra editions giving the very latest unreliable news about vital events.

In short, there is still ample room for optimism, so on with the zodiac! Let no upper lip relax its stiffness!

## Hidden Factors of Service



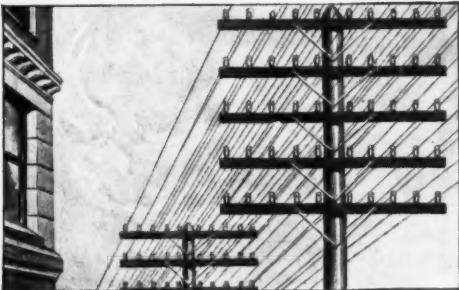
Records kept like this are practically useless for the management of a business. Efficiency is impossible and funds for improvement cannot be obtained.



Records, statistics and accounts kept like this are available for a complete knowledge of the cost and efficiency of each department of the business.



Such methods result in a telephone line which can give only poor service.



The result of such records is a telephone line like this, which gives good service.



The subscriber knows the difference! He demands a well-informed, intelligent business management.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service



### No objectionable hair

There is no need of having superfluous or objectionable hair.

### Evans's Depilatory Powder

removes it quickly and safely. An occasional application keeps the skin free.

**50 cents** for complete outfit, ready for use—powder, bone mixing dish, and bone spoon. At drug- and department-stores.

### Evans's Soothing Cream, 25 cents

A delightful, smooth, cold cream. Good for the skin before or after exposure, sunburn, massaging or depilatory powder. At drug- and department-stores—or by mail.

GEORGE B. EVANS 1108 Chestnut St Philadelphia Pa

### A Complete System

**M**AY I have a few moments' private conversation?"

The faultlessly dressed gentleman addressed the portly business man, standing upon the threshold of his office.

"This is a business proposition, sir," he said, rapidly closing the door and sinking into a seat beside the desk. "I am not a book agent, nor have I any article to sell. I have come to see you about your wife."

"My wife!"

"Yes, sir. Glancing over the society column of your local paper, I am informed that she is about to take her annual autumn trip to Virginia. You will, of course, have to remain behind to take care of your vast business interests. Your wife, sir, is a charming and attractive woman, still in the bloom of youth. Have you, sir, considered the possibilities?"

The other man started to get up, his face red with rage.

"You——" he began.

"One moment, sir, and I think I can satisfy your mind that my motives are pure as alabaster. This is an age of machinery, of science and invention, and, above all, of efficiency. I am simply carrying this idea of efficiency into the domestic life, which, as you are doubtless aware, is so much more important than the physical. One moment, sir. I can furnish you with the highest credentials. This is purely professional, I can assure you. Will give bond if you so desire. My proposition is this: I will accompany your wife on her trip, always, when traveling, at a respectful distance, you understand, and it will



**REMINGTON  
UMC**

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## REVOLVER and PISTOL CARTRIDGES

*Dependable  
in Any Make of Arm*

**M**EN took to Revolver and Pistol Shooting as a sport. Got to thinking about it—comparing scores, methods, ammunition—and Remington-UMC business in Revolver and Pistol Cartridges grew by leaps and bounds.

It is growing faster than ever to-day. More men judging ammunition by its *results*—a keener scrutiny; more rigid standards; and a wider and wider understanding of just *why* Remington-UMC stands where it does in the estimation of Revolver and Pistol users all over the world, both the record makers and the rank and file.

Remington-UMC Cartridges are made for every standard make of pistol and revolver. Sold by alert dealers all over this country—the dealers who display the Red Ball Mark of Remington-UMC

**REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.  
WOOLWORTH BLDG. (233 Broadway) NEW YORK CITY**

be my pleasure as well as business to amuse and interest her during her stay. I do everything—play tennis, bridge, dance all the latest steps, know the latest jokes, can sing, converse on any subject or remain silent, am a life-saver, can run an auto, flirt discreetly, and, in fact, am the most delightful companion for a wife that you can imagine. Remember, sir, that unless you engage my services your wife is at the mercy of all the strangers she may meet, and,

being in that peculiar condition of mind where she is bound to be attracted by things that would otherwise seem commonplace, there is no telling what the end might be. But with me she is perfectly safe. I guarantee results. I insure your heart's happiness against the future. Terms reasonable. I can refer to—”

In reply the enforced host rose up, and, taking him not too gently by the arm, led him to the door.

"My friend," he said, coldly, "your proposition of safety first doesn't interest me. No, sir! I'm sending my wife to Virginia in hopes that she will actually fall in love with somebody else, so I won't have to endure what little I see of her any more, and here you come in to spoil my future. No, sir!"

His visitor turned and faced him with a bright smile.

"My dear sir," he said, "wait. Business man that you are, you do not understand the extent of our resources, which cover every emergency. In accordance with our usual custom, I have already met your wife at a bridge party, and I might say that she is crazy about me. Now, sir, for double the price of my regular fee and a small annual stipend, which is about half the alimony you might have to pay, I will agree to marry and take her off your hands in six months, making you happy for the rest of your life. Sign here, please. Thank you."

## Salt Mackerel CODFISH, FRESH LOBSTER



FOR YOUR OWN TABLE

FAMILIES who are fond of FISH can be supplied DIRECT from GLOUCESTER, MASS., by the FRANK E. DAVIS COMPANY, with newly caught KEEPABLE OCEAN FISH choice than any inland dealer could possibly furnish.

We sell ONLY TO THE CONSUMERS DIRECT sending by EXPRESS RIGHT TO YOUR HOME. We PREPAY express on all orders east of Kansas. Our fish are pure, appetizing and economical and we want YOU to try some, payment subject to your approval.

SALT MACKEREL, fat, meaty, juicy fish, are delicious for breakfast. They are freshly packed in brine and will not spoil on your hands.

CODFISH, as we salt it, is white, boneless and ready for instant use. It makes a substantial meal, a fine change from meat, at a much lower cost.

FRESH LOBSTER is the best thing known for salads. Right fresh from the water, our lobsters simply are boiled and packed in PARCHMENT-LINED CANS. They come to you as the purest and safest lobsters you can buy and the meat is as crisp and natural as if you took it from the shell yourself.

FRIED CLAMS is a relishable, hearty dish, that your whole family will enjoy. No other flavor is just like that of clams, whether fried or in a chowder.

FRESH MACKEREL, perfect for frying, SHRIMP to cream on toast, CRABMEAT for Newburg or deviled, SALMON ready to serve, SARDINES of all kinds, TUNNY for salad, SANDWICH FILLINGS and every good thing packed here or abroad you can get direct from us and keep right on your pantry shelf for regular or emergency use.

With every order we send BOOK OF RECIPES for preparing all our products. Write for it. Our list tells how each kind of fish is put up, with the delivered price so you can choose just what you will enjoy most. Send the coupon for it now.

Let Gloucester be your Fish Market and Davis be your Fishman.

FRANK E. DAVIS CO., 20 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.  
Please send me your latest Fish Price List.  
Name.....  
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### Chairman Walsh and the Mastodons

(Continued from page 524.)

tunes have to back up and meet all assaults. They are very subject to parasites; their thick hides are not invulnerable; there are soft places in their heads; altogether our mastodons are not nearly as formidable as their assailants would persuade us, and harnessed to proper tasks they are very considerably useful.

Gracious! Is our circus to have no elephants? Must our interesting dragons perish to win an aureole for St. Patrick Walsh?

Not yet; not quite yet! We like a show too much. "Hey, Rube!" will still rally a sufficient support for the defense of our admired monsters and valued curiosities. Stuffed ones would do, perhaps—will have to do presently—but it is the part of prudence to keep our live ones until we are sure that we can replace them with something better worth the price of admission. For this, our show, brethren, is Civilization, and when the gate money ceases to be paid, down comes the tent.

E. S. Martin.

TEACHER (relating an experience with a tramp): And then I fainted.

SMALL BOY (excitedly): Wid yer right or wid yer left?—*Harper's Magazine*.

### To Those Who Love Flowers



A little book, "Give Flowers," is just off the press and is yours for the asking. It tells about these little buds of sentiment and in addition shows how you can send flowers anywhere in the United States, delivered less than 24 hours old, at ordinary prices.

NATIONAL FLORAL CORP., 220 Broadway, N. Y.

**The bigot has lost caste in America.**

**It is the moderate man who has authority—the man who knows how to use and not misuse.**

**You will find thousands of moderate men using a wonderfully mild and mellow Whiskey — Wilson—Real Wilson—That's All!**

*The Whiskey for which we invented the Non-Refillable Bottle.*

FREE CLUB RECIPES—Free booklet of famous club recipes for mixed drinks. Address Wilson, 13 East 31st Street, N. Y. That's All!

### The Moments Slip with Every Dip

The old-fashioned pen-and-ink-pot method of writing is wasteful—each dip means a moment lost, and sometimes the thought vanishes with it. And, anyway, an ink-well cannot be carried to the class room, to the lecture, on the train or to the business call. Why don't you add to your efficiency and convenience by owning a fountain pen? Not merely a "fountain pen" but a

#### Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Then you will have a pen that is ready for instant use, anywhere—without the dip—a pen that never leaks, spurts, falters or hesitates. A pen that will exactly fit your hand-writing peculiarities—that will lighten your labor and save your time. Insist on the genuine Waterman's Ideal—the pen with the Spoon Feed.

Obtainable at best dealers everywhere. \$2.50, \$4.00, \$5.00 to \$150.00.

Illustrated Folder on Request showing Regular, Safety and Self Filling Types.

L. E. Waterman Company, 173 Broadway, New York  
BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO MONTREAL LONDON PARIS MILAN

This illustrates the New "Pocket Self-Filler." Simply raise and lower the lever and it refills instantly from the ink supply. "The Lever Locks."



This is the Trade Mark on Every Genuine Waterman's Ideal



WE WILL SEND YOU TWO CARD TRICKS, very perplexing to onlookers, yet anyone can do them. Also booklets showing over 100 10c. different Magic Tricks and Jokes. All for THE MAGIC SHOP, 44 North 13th Street, Phila., Pa.



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## Books Received

"K," by Mary R. Rinehart. (Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.35.)

*The Tollhouse*, by Evelyn St. Leger. (E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.00.)

*Athalie*, by Robert W. Chambers. (D. Appleton & Co. \$1.40.)

*From the Shelf*, by Paxton Holgar. (E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.)

*The Decoration and Furnishing of Apartments*, by B. Russell Herts. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.)

*To All the World*, by A. E. Stilwell. (George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., London, England.)

*Sandman Time*, by I. N. Gaylord (Richard G. Badger. \$1.00.)

*Politics and Metaphysics*, by Frank P. Stearns. (Richard G. Badger. \$1.50.)

*Quo Vadis*, by Henryk Sienkiewicz. (E. P. Dutton & Co. 40 cents.)

*The Widow Woman*, by Charles Lee. (E. P. Dutton & Co. 40 cents.)

*Pilgrimage*, by C. E. Lawrence. (E. P. Dutton & Co. 40 cents.)

*Southward Ho! and other Essays*, by Holbrook Jackson. (E. P. Dutton & Co. 40 cents.)

*The Ghosts of Piccadilly*, by G. S. Street. (E. P. Dutton & Co. 40 cents.)

*De Omnibus*, by Barry Pain. (E. P. Dutton & Co. 40 cents.)

*The Chaplain of the Fleet*, by Walter B. and Jas. Rice. (E. P. Dutton & Co. 40 cents.)

*Bachelor Betty*, by Winifred James. (E. P. Dutton & Co. 40 cents.)

*The Wooden Horse*, by Hugh Walpole. (E. P. Dutton & Co. 40 cents.)

*The Heart of Penelope*, by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (E. P. Dutton & Co. 40 cents.)

*The Wickhams*, by W. Pett Ridge. (E. P. Dutton & Co. 40 cents.)

*The Open Air*, by Richard Jefferies. (E. P. Dutton & Co. 40 cents.)

NO STROPPING—NO HONING



## The Gillette on the Outposts of Civilization

"IN Alaska," said a prospector, "freight rates are so high that we limit our buying right down to the necessities."

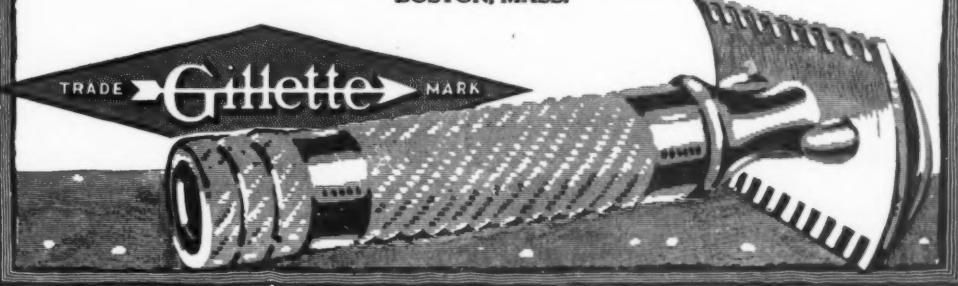
Alaska uses thousands of Gillette Safety Razors. For men nowadays, whether "mushing" in Alaska, "treking" in South Africa,

or penetrating the Jungles of South America, take with them the solace of the Gillette Shave—no stropping, no honing. The biggest little comfort in the pack.

Gillette Safety Razors used by more than 7,000,000 men. On sale by 145,000 dealers throughout the world.

Gillette Razors, \$5 and up. Blades, 50c. and \$1 the packet.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY  
BOSTON, MASS.



### Can't Suppress

Kaiser Wilhelm could very easily settle the controversies growing out of the Lusitania tragedy if he could only act toward us as he does toward his own people. If anybody at home objects to his methods, such as when the Socialist *Vorwärts* issued its recent peace manifesto, it is not necessary for him to rack his brain for a sensible answer; he has merely to issue an order to have the objectors suppressed. How simple it would be if he could close the Lusitania argument by ordering the suppression of the United States Government. But it appears that a suppressor is without honor save in his own country.



## The New Way In Typewriting

A revolutionary new method, totally different from anything known heretofore, is doubling and trebling salaries of typists in all parts of the country. Already, hundreds formerly earning from \$8 to \$15 a week, are drawing \$25, \$35 and even \$50 weekly and their work is easier than ever before. A wholly new idea. Greatest step since invention of typewriter itself—based on Gymnastic Finger Training!

### Amazing Speed—Easy for All

Results felt from first day's use. Entire system quickly learned at home in spare time. No interference with regular work. Speed and accuracy are what business men want and they will pay worth-while salaries only to those who have them. This new system enables anyone to write

### 80 to 100 Words A Minute

Blindfolded without a single mistake. So certain are results that we offer the entire course on trial. Costs nothing unless you're fully satisfied.

Send for big illustrated 48-page book explaining system, telling all about the wonderful Gymnastic Finger Training and containing many interesting stories of graduates whose salaries have already been increased \$300, \$500 and up to \$2,000 yearly.

Write for free book today—a postal will do—no obligation—we'll send it by return post. But don't delay, this announcement may not appear again.

THE TULLOSS TYPEWRITING SCHOOL  
8989 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
-MADE AT KEY WEST-



Copr. Vogue

Hats and turbans are very high crowned, the whole chic is in the shape. Their names, "Girondin," "Directoire," "Watteau," give the clue to their inspiration. Not in years has Paris millinery been so altogether lovely.

### \*Special Offer

Send in the coupon below with \$2.00 and we will send you with our compliments a copy of the *Autumn Millinery Number* showing the best one hundred model hats that Paris has produced for the Autumn of 1915—making thirteen numbers instead of twelve.

Or, if more convenient, send coupon without money and your subscription will then start with the *Paris Openings Number* and continue throughout the next eleven numbers, twelve numbers in all.



VOGUE, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City  
Send me twelve numbers of *Vogue*, beginning with the *Paris Openings Number* and I expect thirteen numbers of *Vogue*, beginning with the *Autumn Millinery Number*.  
will remit \$2 on receipt of bill Nov. 1st (OR) I enclose \$2 herewith and shall  
Name.....  
Street.....  
(Please write name very plainly)  
City.....  
State.....  
L-9-16

# The Autumn Millinery NUMBER OF VOGUE

is now on sale throughout the United States

A beautifully illustrated number presenting the best One Hundred Hats Paris has produced for the Autumn of 1915; also model gowns from the Openings and the newest models in veils and coiffures.

### VOGUE suggests

that before you spend a penny on your new clothes, before you even plan your wardrobe, you consult its great Autumn and Winter Fashion Numbers. During the very months when these numbers are appearing you will be spending hundreds of dollars for suits, gowns, hats, etc.

### \$2 invested in Vogue will save you \$200

The gown you buy and never wear is the really expensive gown! Gloves, boots, hats, that miss being exactly what you want, are the ones that cost more than you can afford!

Why take chances again this year when by simply sending in the coupon, and at your convenience paying \$2—a tiny fraction of the loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown—you can insure the correctness of your whole wardrobe?

Vogue is a beautifully illustrated magazine; the acknowledged authority on what is worn by well-dressed American women. Here are your twelve numbers and one extra:

### 13 issues you will receive

Autumn Millinery Number	Sept. 15	Christmas Number	Dec. 15
The best one hundred model hats Paris has produced for the Autumn of 1915		More gifts and practical ideas for holiday entertaining	
The Paris Openings	Oct. 1	Lingerie Number	Jan. 1
The complete story of the Paris Openings—the successful creations of each couturier which taken collectively establish the mode		Fine linen for personal use and for the household	
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Metal lace is to be much used in millinery. It is particularly lovely when veiled in tulle as in this towering Marie Louise turban of gold lace under black tulle. The ornament is golden.



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# VOGUE

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Skirts are still very short and require many yards of material to accomplish their width. The circular is a popular cut; the waist-line is about normal. In this Jenny model note the new "hitched together" treatment of skirt and bodice.

# Millinery number of Vogue



September 15, 1915

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